THE COMMONWEAL

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BRAWN AND THE BLEACHERS

THE passing from earth of glory as an ideal happens to be a stirring topic of conversation just now. What else is implied in the constant discussion of school athletics? Or of baseball scandals? With reference to the second, events prove very clearly, of course, that a good name is still an indispensable asset. The public that sits on the bleachers wants the struggle to be realistic. It is bitterly opposed to frame-ups and secret agreements. And everybody connected with organized baseball knows the stands will be empty unless there is absolutely no doubt that each of the rival teams has its heart set on winning—that, in short, the fight will go to the fighter. What is the good of following the fortunes of war if the treaty of peace has been signed in advance? Failure to recognize this salutary truism pretty nearly wiped out old-fashioned country racing. It came rather close some few years ago to making stock in ball-clubs an unprofitable investment. Obviously, popular sentiment also continues to weave round performers of prowess the aura of a legendary fame. A man like Christy Matthewson or "Babe" Ruth becomes a hero with a vast following. He takes his place in a history that is mastered by far more people than one normally supposes. Citizens who have forgotten the date of Gettysburg—or even Gettysburg itself—can tell you instantly how a timely homer won a game in '98, or how many balls a brawny arm pitched to an embattled hero on an afternoon even more remote.

Undoubtedly, it is this second aspect of the sport—its ability to enkindle enthusiastic emotion—that is civically valuable. Here the healing, purgative value of action that satisfies the fundamental human dramatic instinct, that frees the soul from burdens and repressions, is revealed better than it is anywhere else in American life. The theatre, for instance, is no longer a serious competitor because, for better or worse, it has adopted so many of the purposes of literature. Enormous crowds assembled annually to witness various sport contests come away the better for the experience, stimulated as they could be by nothing else. An institution which can accomplish this needs to be preserved and developed, even if abuses do mar its value. But the other side of sport—the bare material side—is destined to create constant uneasiness and acrimony. It is a fact that money has completely supplanted that older mainspring of competition which found its best symbols in a lady's smile or a laurel wreath. This fact we like to ignore. It becomes particularly painful when brought to attention

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in connection with glamourous names like those of Cobb and "Tris" Speaker, or when a college president admits that the grid heroes representing his institution have been subsidized even as (in his opinion) they are at other colleges. But there it remains, the skeleton in the closet of popular amusement.

Everybody knows, for example, that big baseball is played by men who try to get the largest salary possible. Their primary object is not at all the same thing as what brings the crowd. Conceivably they halt now and then to consider that Mr. Jenkins of Okeechee is keeping a reverent eye on their prowess, but normally their attention is riveted upon the more accessible gentleman who must be satisfied if the pay check is to maintain its standard. And what is the result? Money becomes the goad of the game. Even the best of veteran players are dropped if, in the manager's opinion, their performance is not worth the price. Now, admittedly, sport is not the only modern activity to suffer from what can only be called the malady of fixed rewards. In literature the ownership of a successful name means the receipt of handsome contracts; and these in turn mean writing that is dictated, not by inner necessity or poetic exaltation, but by the price paid. Only this system can account for the abominable gush which men and women who have had ideas dump into magazines and books. In politics, the sinecure is the source of all ills. An official whose job is fixed tight enough to sit on, sits tight on his job. But it is particularly disastrous that the malady should prevail in sport, because sport is about the only surviving community enterprise.

Mediaeval warriors preparing for a joust were under no suspicion. The worst taint which could have attached to them was a preliminary bribe to guarantee a lady's favor. One must suppose that the Roman habit of turning the thumb down was an efficient, if cruel, preventive of attractive "arrangements" among popular gladiators. Today the very suggestion that a baseball hero—or a 'varsity football team—ought to stalk forth for the sake of fame evokes a series of guffaws. It is assumed that the rather poetic fancy is meant as a joke. Alma mater carefully considers the gridiron gate; and if a neighboring institution is unfortunate enough to be minus a seating capacity and a live town, its request for combat is likely to be ignored. During recent years the price of tickets has soared at a much faster pace than tuition fees. Athletic stadia have been erected with a financial outlay that rivals the manipulations of Mr. Henry Ford. The costs of coaching, training, scouting and other incidentals have been permitted to reach hitherto undreamed of figures. All the while the public has been content because it has preserved its illusions. It came out to see dramatic action, with brawn in the title rôle, and it felt sure that it was actually seeing dramatic action—witnessing the jubilant contest of might against might which has always been mankind's cherished spectacle.

But the contrast between the public illusion and the real thing is too great, too actual, to continue without doing damage. It is difficult to see how it can be modified. Baseball tried to view itself as a public utility, and appointed a supervisor whose personal integrity was to guarantee that proceedings were above board. The move was courageous. In fact, if one considers what has been done in other realms of sport, it was almost an idealistic move. But let us look at the balance sheet! Under Judge Landis, yarn after yarn about corrupt ancient history has been dug up and aired. In fact, the Judge has even laid himself open to suspicion that the recent scandals were broadcasted only because the news that they existed had in some way leaked out. Has the effect been beneficial to baseball? Well, it has tightened the financial goad a little. It has proved that no player's pay check can survive the breath of accusation. But it has thrown against the vital public illusion the whole weight of new evidence that the game is not really a dramatic contest, but a matter arranged sometimes by capital and sometimes by perfidy. It is still a good game. But it is played with a joker.

One should like to hope that the old ideal of glory could be brought back to earth again. It would add as nothing else can to the goodness and gayety of the populace. But there is no sign that its halo beckons to any of the young; and the very grandeur of our prosperity has made it fearfully dim. The old record of the laurel wreath which brought immortality of renown upon the fields of Greece is parchment over which we may sigh but which has precious little advertising appeal. But there is one aspect of that record which may be of some value even now. The Greeks, and in fact all peoples who reverenced the classical tradition, made their popular festivals satisfying to the whole of human nature. Prowess of body, as displayed in athletic competition, was not isolated; it was amalgamated with poetry, with drama the noble plastic forms of which revealed the fate of man, and with religious rites. The community thus avoided focusing its attention upon one form of self-expression, and cast over the primitive arts of physical strength the glamour and softness of the more idealistic crafts. Perhaps the symmetry achieved by the genius of Phidias was really a symbol, a reflection, of the harmony arrived at between the discus-thrower and the poet.

It may be that if we could somehow make sport a part of life instead of cutting it wholly adrift from life, we could conserve that dramatic vitality which all who are normal cherish so deeply, without running the risk of chaining the whole thing to the meanest of steeds. Possibly the audience which went from a community athletic field to a theatre which expressed its collective strength and aspiration would be satisfied in a measure far beyond what we can now conceive. At least it is encouraging to think so.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE new year has opened with so many prognostications of continued domestic prosperity, that it is difficult to visualize the distress and continued uneasiness of many foreign peoples. A sharp reminder is contained, however, in the recent stand taken by the State Department in dealing with the Nicaraguan problem. So long as the policy governing this stand remained nebulous and secret, it was possible to suspect that Washington was playing the rôle of a rather dictatorial schoolmaster—or even the rôle of an anxious protector of private investments. President Coolidge's message to Congress completely removes this suspicion. In so far as Nicaragua is concerned, we know where we are. The navy is intervening against a liberal revolution because various American rights, notably those guaranteeing a famous canal route, are in danger; because Mr. Coolidge and his aids are convinced that Señor Diaz is the ruler constitutionally elected in accordance with the principles sponsored by the Central American Union; and because there is reason to believe that Mexico is officially aiding the revolutionists for social and political reasons of its own. The last mentioned cause of virtual intervention is by all odds the most important, because it is stressed as the end of a long series of grievances entertained in Washington against the Calles government. National custom makes light of these grievances. Certainly they do not affect the average stay-at-home citizen; and obviously they do not imperil the security of the people of the United States. But the rights and questions involved, the aims and methods of the Mexican government, do directly characterize the life of a great nation near whom it is our destiny to live.

THAT nation is now visibly in the throes of a disease that is also a theory. The attempt made by the Calles government to establish as law a social concept derived from chaotic revolutionary thinking, must inevitably fail and there are plenty of signs to indicate that it is failing rapidly. In exiling Bishop Diaz, secretary of the Catholic hierarchy, the Mexican officials have made the desperate attempt to exile the principles he has defended. Can that be done? Well, it could not be accomplished in any country which respects liberty of conscience or desires it as a privilege. Sooner or later, men who see that patience and long-suffering have merely added burdens to those already overpowering them, will rise and stake their all upon a decision. Meanwhile the forces of disorder dormant in the country—forces encouraged by the official disregard for law and reason—will stir once again. That both forms of uprising are now actual in Mexico is a fact which every new report emphasizes more clearly. The people of the United States must again be prepared to see Mexico in revolution; and it is essential that they should also be prepared to see that the results of what is to happen will be more satisfactory than those which followed from the movement that led, in a steadily more evident progression, to the chaos of Calles.

SHOULD we intervene in Mexico? In Nicaragua? By no means. Under existing conditions the dispatch of United States military forces to a scene of trouble is recurrently necessary. We have something at stake in these countries; and as soon as you begin to protect that something by force of arms, you are sure to sponsor imperialistic methods and purposes. The simplest definition of imperialism is government of weakness by might. To what such a policy will ultimately lead, is indicated to some extent in the mirror of Latin-American public opinion, but is demonstrated fulsomely in the present Chinese débâcle. Europe is in danger all along the thin frontier of China. That danger comes, not from the services western civilization could render the Orient—the services of the missionary and the engineer, of the doctor and the builder—but from the constant economic aggression carried on under the support of cannon belonging to major foreign powers. That sort of thing cannot be profitable indefinitely. When Cortez came to Mexico, he was considered a god, and he conquered the country. But just as soon as it became known that the Spaniards were merely human beings, their star began to wane. The moral is clear. Military force used in the name of the United States is not the saving solution for Latin-American difficulties. The proper masters of those difficulties are the Latin Americans themselves, working through agencies of conciliation which we can help to establish, and

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which will be commensurate with the new American and world-wide public consciousness.

WHEN royal assent was given to the Roman Catholic Relief Act in the House of Lords, with the clerk of Parliament announcing to the assembled peers and commoners, "le roy le veult," British Catholics had the satisfaction of knowing not only that the king willed it—of which there had never been question—but that the measure met with the warm approval of the great majority of their fellow-subjects. Not a little of the credit for the success of the first campaign for justice belongs to Mr. Dennis Herbert, the non-Catholic member of the House of Commons, who, in March, 1925, introduced the bill and guided it through its three readings. His speeches on the subject reflected the spirit of fairness which caused many Protestants to regard the conditions existing as an insult to them, as well as a hardship to their Catholic neighbors. The special facilities given by the government in the final stages accentuated the general desire to do justice ungrudgingly. In the House of Lords, the Archbishop of Canterbury supported the measure, and in doing so made use of a phrase which might well be pondered by the sponsors of certain restrictive laws in the United States. "On general principles," he said, "it is a harmful thing that laws should exist which by common consent are disobeyed."

ANNOUNCEMENT by the New York Archdiocesan Council of the Federal Council of Catholic Women, of a course of Lenten lectures at the Catholic Club of New York on International Relations, is another evidence of the excellent work being done by this organization. In obtaining speakers such as the Reverend Dr. John A. Ryan, Professor Parker T. Moon, Judge Martin T. Manton, Michael Francis Doyle, chairman of the Geneva Institute of International Relations, and others, to address audiences on each of the Friday afternoons of the season of recollection, the council promises to do much to stimulate closer study of the encyclical of the Holy Father on international amity, and to educate men and women of good will who desire to be more fully informed on problems which every day grow more pressing on a people too long inured to isolation, and almost ready to ask: "Who is my neighbor?" The titles of the lectures—the first of which will be given by Professor Moon on March 4—show that every principal feature of the subject of international relations will be adequately disclosed and discussed.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST is a man of many surprises; but never, perhaps, has the editor noted for sudden shifts and disregard for the consistency of little minds, caused such universal astonishment as by his latest proposal of a league of English-speaking nations. The sheer audacity of such a proposal, emanating from one whose attitude toward the English has for years been notoriously antagonistic, is equaled only by its apparent puerility. That there is a reason, those who know or have studied the editor-politician will not doubt; but there will be equal recognition of the fact that the proposal to substitute such a figure for the League of Nations, or to oppose it to the League, is not reasonable. There may be question whether the League, with or without the membership of the United States, can ensure the peace of Europe; but there can be no question that a league such as Mr. Hearst proposes would be the one thing at this time which would retard any permanent peace among European states for at least a century. Those who seek a better understanding among English-speaking peoples may well pray to be delivered from this new friend.

THE rights and wrongs of the matter, as Americans see them, are not greatly affected by the fact that there is, in England, a party, and a very powerful one, which stands quite ready to welcome the distinguished convert and, for the sake of his tardy support, to pass the largest and wettest of sponges over misdemeanors in the past. The comments in his Sunday Observer, of that apostle of Anglo-Saxon world condominium, Mr. J. L. Garvin, in extending him a greeting, deserve more analytical attention than they seem to be getting, and examination of them should by no means exclude a little intelligent reading between lines. Thus, when Mr. Garvin asks for an understanding by which "English-speaking nations would stand together, if any of them were threatened by an external combination," Americans have a right to inquire by whose acts the "external combination" is in most danger now of being challenged. And when the editor of the Observer (and the Encyclopaedia Britannica) takes the opportunity of the Nicaraguan imbroglio to note complacently that the trading world's two bottle-necks, at Panama as at Cairo, are in Anglo-Saxon hands, and world peace the safer for it, Americans whose traditions are other than English may find that he has the air of assuming a common interest—for the sake of forcing common action where it suits one and only one interest. We have hinted above what we think of the dangers to world peace of any "understanding" that would split the nations of the earth into two halves, and it will take more than Mr. Garvin's ratiocination, or the sight of a great (though somewhat depressed) empire busy at her historical task of looking for a new and complacent ally, to change our minds.

OWING to the age of its victims, the Montreal hecatomb suggests some considerations of a special nature, and it is comforting to see that they are not being neglected in major press comment upon the disaster. One, which is quite sure of being dealt with by the competent authorities, is the scandalous ignoring of the ordinance which forbids children of school age

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from attending moving-picture performances unaccompanied by a parent or guardian of adult age. From the lack of any provision, either inside or outside the theatre, to see that this was respected, one can only conclude that salutary by-laws, when they conflict with profitable enterprises, have a particularly slim chance of enforcement, and that it is only when some catastrophe bears witness to attract attention to their wisdom, that they secure a belated and transitory respect.

ANOTHER consideration which perhaps is more serious still, for its implications are in the moral field, is the apparent immunity from supervision of young children in large cities, at all events during the day, and the abundant opportunities for mischief that the newest of the arts is throwing in their path. It is no reflection on the nature of the entertainment offered at the theatre where death was usher, to surmise that if the offering had been one of those tawdry dramas whose end is to exploit the sensory side of love, and which, whatever our whitewashing publicists may pretend, are the backbone of the cinema industry, neither the character of the audience nor its numbers would have been very different. When those who still care for the moral and physical safety of young children realize the extent to which "the pictures," quite apart from the specific character of each entertainment, have become a habit, control will not stop short at safety exits, but will take some real and sincere account of the inlets by which now, just as much as in less scientific ages, death can enter the soul.

A BULLETIN of the social action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference discloses conditions of labor under the so-called "American plan," which are as astounding as they are archaic. It seems almost incredible in this day and generation that employers should submit contracts to individual employees which, as the social action department points out, "are so broad as to invade the whole civic and social freedom of the worker in relation to conditions of work, and not alone his use of a union to influence such conditions"; and entirely incredible that workers of any competence should be found to accept the agreements. Of course there are "open shops"; of course there are employers who will fight collective bargaining as long as they live. But stipulations such as some of those quoted in the bulletin have no relation to anything that is open—they rather suggest prisons.

FOR example, it is declared that "the contract stipulates the wage-rate the man accepts when he takes the work; but it also stipulates that 'when another wage is posted in the plant or otherwise brought to the attention of the employee,' this is the contract wage-rate, 'if said employee continues to work.'" In return for opportunity to earn a living—if it be a living—under these conditions, the worker agrees not only that neither labor-unions nor company-unions shall have anything to say about the conditions under which he works, but that there shall be no "interference, coercion, intimidation, or unpleasant attention from any source whatever" outside of the employer and the individual employee in the terms and conditions of work. As the social action department of the conference remarks, the government, either state or national, often regulates terms and conditions of work, and gives what the employer may consider altogether unpleasant attention to these matters; yet the employee who votes for state legislator or member of Congress who is seeking to obtain such protective legislation, at once breaks his contract. And this is the plan that is labeled American! It seems to us intimately associated with a condition now widely noticed by students of labor conditions: the stability of the wage paid to unskilled workers. At present, the average member of this large, unassimilated group of laborers, makes forty-three and one-half cents an hour—which is about the equivalent of twenty-five cents an hour, for an eight-hour day, before the war. Obviously this is not a living wage. When one remembers that very few unskilled workers can find steady employment, the margin upon which they fight disease and poverty shrinks to almost nothing. "Because of the decline of immigration and an increased willingness to organize among Negroes and Mexicans," declares the Washington social action bureau, "certain labor leaders have decided that now (with the exception of war time) is the best occasion for organizing common labor into unions that has been known in the United States."

IT would almost be a sufficient characterization of Miss Katherine Conway, who died in Boston recently, to say that she took up the pen because she saw in it an instrument for doing good, and did not lay it down while she was able to do good. Her whole life was a realization of the possibilities of journalism—journalism, that is, as separate from literature in the strict sense. Instead of crying out against the abuses of daily comment, she realized that the task waiting to be done was to substitute for cheapness and sentimental vulgarity a nobler current prose founded on a brave belief that faith and charm can be creative. As one of the group assembled by O'Reilly, Miss Conway labored as a columnist and a woman who discoursed pleasantly upon the problems and opportunities of young womanhood. The time in which she lived is stamped and labeled sufficiently by the fact that she died poor and obscure; while the things against which she had lived so stoutly were triumphant everywhere—even as topics of conversation among those whose entire constructive power for good had been sidetracked into ineffective tirades. Possibly the day will come when men see clearly the tremendous need for a journalism positive rather than negative in character; and then it is quite likely that souls like that of

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Katherine Conway will be visioned clearly, as memorials and models. Well, just now her memory is dear to crowds of the young women she loved and among whom she spent her time. To them she was generally "the nicest old lady in all the world."

THE growth of symphony orchestras in the United States has maintained about the same ratio as the growth of cities. It testifies to the eagerness of a vast public to know excellent compositions; it demonstrates also the rapidity with which music has become an attractive profession. One is safe in saying that general popular interest is more likely to increase than to recede. Various agencies sponsoring musical education will conceivably enough render their pupils avid, even if they cannot make them competent. But whether the profession can go on developing is another question which, it seems, cannot be viewed so optimistically. Perhaps none of the symphony orchestras now in existence is entirely self-sustaining. The two identified with New York City are, in fact, unable to escape from under a large annual deficit. Meanwhile, the wage-scale upon which musicians operate has advanced sharply, and the sums commanded by very able players compare favorably with the salaries of average business executives. Can this scale be maintained? Will private benefaction, which even now subsidizes the orchestra, be willing to see the individual musician profit further? Ought not major organizations to consolidate whenever possible? These questions are being asked widely just now, and are destined to loom large on the melodic horizon. One may grant that a really excellent vocalist or instrumentalist is worthy of a salary equal to that which lures youth into professional baseball uniforms. But if the public is not yet ready to concede the point, it looks as if excessive demands by musicians can lead only to chaos in the art.

THE physicist is now leading us to the contemplation of even smaller objects than those with which we were beginning to be more or less familiar. The atoms of hydrogen gas are so small that it takes many millions of them to make one grain; and several million placed in a row would cover no more than one twenty-fifth of an inch. Yet each of these atoms is said to contain at least eight hundred corpuscles, electrons, and protons, making a kind of solar system in its ambit, and as Sir Oliver Lodge says, flitting about inside it "like flies in a great cathedral." Sir Joseph Thomson, one of the greatest living authorities on the atom, has been telling the Institution of Electrical Engineers that we must recognize much smaller bodies than these surrounding the proton and its satellite electrons like a kind of atmosphere. The impact of these minute bodies causes the protons and electrons to vibrate and send out energy. A recent writer has said that the progress of our knowledge of matter has killed materialism.

CLEANING THE NEWS-STANDS

COMMON sense appears to have found a way to deal with that "putrid stream of the most despicable, the most iniquitous and, on the whole, the most dangerous form of a degraded form of literature" against which Hendrik W. Van Loon, having found it impossible to arouse the most influential newspapers in New York, hammered his theses "on the hospitable wall of The Commonweal" a little more than two years ago. Mayor Walker, after making an effort to bring the theatre managers to a realization of their moral responsibility, has inaugurated a movement, with the warm support of the New York World and the endorsement of Cardinal Hayes and Bishop Manning, to sweep from the news-stands of the city that "foulest collection of smut, dirt and plain pornography ever offered to the public in the name of literature," which aroused the ire of the distinguished author and critic.

His Honor wastes no time talking about the necessity for censorship. He sends for the commissioners who are responsible for the issuance of news-stand permits and calls their attention to the fact that the city is indirectly responsible for the scandalous condition existing. "Keep the news-stands clean or close them up" is the general tenor of his instructions to his subordinates. He has no time, in a busy day, to listen to lectures on "the human form divine" from long-haired gentlemen and short-haired ladies who are striving for self-expression and the abolition of soap in Greenwich Village. The many animadversions leveled at him have never included the accusation that he is a prude, but as the representative of the average citizen of New York he does not consider he has a mandate to become a partner in filth by taking money on behalf of the city from those who purvey it.

He has done his part and it is a good part. What are the decent men and women for whom he has spoken going to do to uphold his hands and extend the work he has begun? His action should spur every one of them to renewed effort in support of the Clean Books League in its campaign to strengthen the anti-obscenity statutes of the state. If it is a source of satisfaction to know that the mayor of New York is only too willing to use every means in his power to hamper those who disseminate the depraved and disgusting publications that disgrace the metropolis, it is a source of shame to think that the great Empire State has not full power to deal with such panderers as does the contiguous small commonwealth of Connecticut. On January 8, five news-dealers in New Haven were arraigned on charges of selling so-called art publications such as are offered on a thousand news-stands in New York. Each received a jail sentence of two months and was fined $200. Later, the jail sentences were suspended during good behavior.

The action of Mayor Walker is an excellent point

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of departure for an intensive campaign of education in New York. What His Honor has done for decency in the city should be brought to the attention of every representative of the city at Albany with a very definite demand that they do their share in the legislature to voice the feelings of those who elected them. If they will not, opportunity can be found to do to them what the mayor seeks to do to news-dealers who perpetuate a scandal—revoke their permits. If they will, they shall receive plenty of support from upstate members and the leading state in the Union shall soon have anti-obscenity laws with teeth in them.

THE VOICE OF THE VATICAN

THE effect of the New Year's address by Monsignor Maglione, papal nuncio in Paris, was marred by curious attempts to read into it a lot of subterranean meanings. Nowadays any pronouncement of a political sort is sure to kindle the "prophetic" imagination of Europe. Indeed, it seems that the passing of "secret diplomacy" has made people more anxious than ever to discover secrets. But it is nevertheless true that the nuncio's praise of the conciliatory policy sponsored by Briand in the name of France implies more than appears upon the immediate surface. Behind it stands the Vatican's abiding resolve to encourage as much as it can every effort to promote the conciliation of Europe. This resolve has been manifested particularly in various relations between the Papacy and the League of Nations—relations so little known here and so well set forth in a paper by Doctor Carl Docka, of Zurich, that we think it helpful to quote a little:

"The first contact between the Vatican and Geneva was brought about by Benedict XV during September, 1921, when he addressed the assembly of the League regarding the famine in Russia. The reply was that everything possible would be done to ameliorate conditions; and the Swiss delegate, M. Motta, arose to announce, amid generous applause, that this was the first time that relationship had been established between Rome and the League. This papal action was, of course, a continuation of the charitable endeavor sponsored by the Holy See during the war rather than an attempt to take a stand on a political issue. But it was natural that the growing importance of the League made it necessary that the Papacy, like all other powers, should observe what was done at Geneva with great care. People have exaggerated the position of the nuncio in Berne, who was accredited, for the first time since fifty years, at precisely the same moment that the seat of the League was established at Geneva. Nevertheless, it is quite true that the man chosen for the position is considered unusually qualified to act as an "observer" of the League, in the American fashion.

"The nuncio, in fact, played an important part in the negotiations which marked the second contact between the League and the Vatican. Great Britain had been accorded a mandate over Palestine. It seemed obvious that the status quo of the regulations governing the sacred places was endangered. The League was on the verge of accepting the mandatory statute presented by Great Britain and, of course, the article governing the disposition of the holy memorials. This provided for an international commission entrusted with the task of maintaining supervision and reporting difficulties to the League. Catholic interests seemed adequately safeguarded, but the fact that the commission was to consist almost entirely of British representatives practically insulated the governor of Palestine from criticism. The Holy See therefore addressed a note to the Secretary of the League, in which a definite protest was voiced against the arrangement. Finally, after various British manoeuvres and further papal notes, the matter was successfully disposed of; and Lord Balfour summed up the matter by saying that the original projects of his government 'had been very unfavorably received by those who represent Catholic opinion in the world.'

"This result was an indication of what could be accomplished at Geneva by adriot use of diplomatic means. It remains to be noted that in response to a request from the League the Holy See appointed Professor Gianfrancheschi, of the Gregorian University, as its representative in the commission to achieve a reform of the calendar. Though this may seem a matter of minor importance, it does indicate that Geneva is genuinely anxious to afford Catholic opinion a hearing on matters in which it is directly interested. Thus it is also significant that among the delegates at the Opium Conference summoned by the League there were two missionary priests who had returned to Europe expressly for the purpose, and that Monsignor Constantini offered the assistance of the Catholic clergy in the Far East. Of course, this action presupposes the authorization of Rome.

"It seems that the existing arrangement is the best conceivable under existing circumstances—much better, indeed, than direct affiliation of the Papal See with the League powers. These powers are not confronted with the delicate problem of altering the statutes governing the constitution of the Council and the Assembly, and the opportunity to safeguard Catholic interests is always there. Recent history shows that the Vatican, far from entertaining visions of what the League might conceivably be, is reckoning with it as a political reality. This ought to silence voices which are constantly talking of a gulf between Rome and Geneva, and so attempting to hamper the activity of the Vatican."

In these remarks, it seems to us, there is food for much thought. To them might be appended, of course, other recent and quite definite statements by the Holy See on the moral evils of an exaggerated nationalism.

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THE MASS AND THE MOVIES

By THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER

COUNTLESS films with a Catholic coloring have elicited expressions of approving pleasure from those who are wide-awake enough to know that the Catholic Church is an appreciable body. But only too often these Catholic touches, which are always brought in incidentally, appear side by side with scenes which no Catholic would care or dare to approve. With all our numbers we have not exerted a sufficiently powerful influence upon the moving-picture industry to warrant production of a religious film, such as The Miracle Man, for instance, which was really an exposition of the tenets of Christian Science.

Now, it is worthy of note that the majority of Catholic scenes which have filtered into secular films have to do with the liturgy. In fact, it may not be putting the point too strong to say that if our people are awakening gradually to such a contemporaneous phenomenon as the liturgical revival, it is in no small measure due to the fact that they have learned from the silver screen the intrinsic beauty and appealing force of our liturgical services. If outside the Church, people are tremendously interested in Catholic ceremonial and ritual it is almost exclusively due to the fact that they have seen snatches of them portrayed upon the screen not always with fidelity to the prescriptions of the caeremoniale and the rituale. The average movie fan has enough sense of the dramatic to appreciate the beauty of Catholic services. He may not always know that these services are not faithfully and accurately depicted on the screen. But his taste for liturgical pageantry has been whetted, and it is safe to say that many a non-Catholic has been lead to visit a Catholic church in the sole hope of seeing carried out there in its entirety services which he witnessed only in part on the screen.

In the Pathe News, we have seen the Mass on the battle-fields of Europe or at the nuptial service of prominent Catholics. We have even seen the full splendor of a Papal Mass with the attendant services of canonization of saints in Saint Peter's. If it is true, as Augustine Birrell in a famous essay says, that "it is the Mass that matters," then that selfsame dictum is backed up by the uniform interest of a miscellaneous audience in the Holy Sacrifice as shown fragmentarily, for the most part, on the screen. Persons outside the Church are beginning to realize that colorless religious services do not answer those deeply lodged longings of the human heart for a form of religious adoration which by its very nature lifts men easily into the presence of God. The Protestant public is beginning to desire that larger use be made of the appealing charms of sacred music, and is quick to confess that color helps to reach the heart through the eye. Besides there is not that drama in their religious actions into which a man naturally falls when he thinks and feels deeply on such all-important questions as the worship of God, the interest of his soul, and the patient bearing of the whips of fortune.

Now this trinity of qualities is present in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in a striking and unmistakable way. There is music, color and action. For that reason it would seem the most natural thing in the world that the Mass would lend itself easily, and one might almost say naturally, to portrayal on the silver screen. First of all, no moving picture is ever presented without accompanying music and any screen representation of the Mass would afford the organist or orchestra an opportunity of introducing music which far transcends the jingles of the day. In the next place, even in the flat black and white type of picture the idea of color is easily conveyed to the audience as Hugo Munsterberg clearly showed in The Photoplay (New York, 1916) which is the best and most physchological treatise on the powers of appeal and the potentialities of the moving picture. And, of course, a screen portrayal of the Mass would bring out clearly the intrinsic dramatic appeal of the sacred Action.

Since that is the case, one is at a loss to understand why moving-picture producers have not long since hit upon the idea of giving us a full colorful portrayal of the Mass from start to finish. There are French films which depict the Mass in its entirety. Of course, these were produced for apostolic reasons by that ever active agent of Catholic propaganda and education, La Bonne Presse. Not only did it produce superior films of the Mass, Low and High, but such significant and absorbing services as the ordination of young men to the priesthood were portrayed elaborately, with impeccable fidelity to rubrical prescription and perfect technical artistry. It may be interesting to note that no less a personage than the late Cardinal Mercier gladly volunteered to enact before the camera an ordination service. The same was done by Monsignor Herscher, Archbishop of Laodicaea; and Cardinal Dubois of Paris. The latter played a leading part in another film showing the dilemma of a young man brought face to face with the necessity of choosing between a secular career and the Church.

If Albert Hammenstede in his Die Liturgie als Erlebniss proved beyond cavil that the Mass is the highest form of drama because of the actuality attached to it as also the symbolism by which that actuality is shadowed forth to the faithful, then we find another reason for a film on the Mass in the fact that the Holy Sacrific is bound up intimately with many of the outstanding events in the history of the Church.

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No very great stretch of imagination is necessary to understand that the Acts of the Apostles, where there is question of "the breaking of the Bread" in the Upper Chamber at Jerusalem after the Ascension of Our Saviour, might be profitably amplified and made vivid for our people by means of the movies. Who has not desired at one time or other in his life to see just how Mass was celebrated in the second or third centuries in the Catacombs? Who has not desired frequently to see portrayed the touching scene of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered up at the midnight hour in Ireland during penal days when that meant such fateful consequences for the officiating priest? Who has not desired to see Urban II offering up the Holy Sacrifice at Clermont just prior to proclaiming the first Crusade? Who has not realized that a picture of Mass, offered up in Notre Dame, Paris, after its desecration by the enthronement of Citizeness Aubrey as the Goddess of Reason, would help powerfully to a realization of the need of expiation? And on the other hand, what Catholic would long remain indifferent about pictures showing the different rites which are not only permitted but approved by the Church? It is really remarkable how many of our people are anxious to see carried out the various oriental rites approved by Rome. Anyone who has read a book about Spain has asked himself what the Mozarabic rite is like. Those who look upon the thousand turrets of the Milan Cathedral must have desired more than once to see just how the Ambrosian differs from the Roman rite. These and a multiplicity of other Eucharistic subjects might easily be made vivid to our people by means of the silver sheet.

If we have failed so far to produce a really masterful screen portrayal of the Mass, it is owing no doubt to the great expense which such an undertaking would involve. To reproduce the Mass in a cheap, makeshift and inadequate fashion would, of course, defeat the very purpose which such a film should serve. In the second place, there is an unreasonable prejudice against filming the Mass in the minds of those who have not, as yet, learned that the latest and best inventions and devices of our modern life should be pressed into the service of religion. Because everything pertaining to the Mass is surrounded with veneration and reverence there are those who feel that to film it would smack somewhat of commercialization. That this prejudice is entirely unfounded is abundantly plain from the conduct of the French who long since pressed moving pictures into service as a powerful agency of Eucharistic education.

It was Bishop Ketteller who years ago shocked his contemporaries by saying that if Saint Paul were to return to the world he would undoubtedly be a powerful advocate of the press, if not a journalist himself. Improving upon that famous saying one might presume to declare that were the great Apostle, vigilant as he ever was for the instruction of his converts and ever ready to make use of any means at hand to tighten their grasp upon spiritual truths, to return to the world today he would not be unmindful of the power of the moving picture as an agency of religious instruction. Certainly, if he saw 10,000,000 Catholics going to the movies every week he would leave no stone unturned to harness up this great engine to the service of religion and especially to the service of Jesus remaining with us really and substantially in the Eucharist.

A Mass film, accurate, adequate, historically true, theologically orthodox, is a real need of the hour if our people are to keep alive in their hearts that love for the Mass which they have inherited from forbears who often enough suffered in their bodies to attend and keep in their Catholic life. There are those who believe that even with the magnificent numbers in attendance at Sunday Mass there is a gradual lessening of interest in it through a lack of understanding of its meaning and riches. This arises probably from the fact that the Mass does not form more frequently the topic of parochial sermons. It is also due in part to the fact that the modern man, anxious to know the reason why and wherefore of things, is desirous of apprehending something of the history of the origin of the Mass and its vicissitudes throughout the ages. A film on the Mass will not only enliven preaching on the subject but will drive home whatever is said from the pulpit into the hearts and memories of men. For words are soon forgotten. Even the catechetical answers learned by rote in youth have an unhappy faculty of evaporating from the memory. But what men see they do not soon forget. What they see they link up with what they have heard or already know. If we can show them the Mass, in all its parts, in its origin, in its history, in its liturgical bearing, then we may be sure that whatever knowledge Catholic people have regarding the Holy Sacrifice will freshen up like a withered plant after a summer rain.

Man in Café

"Tomorrow is the marriage" he would say,
This ancient man whom we had come to know,
Then we would lift our hats and watch him go
Before we dealt the cards again to play;
And, since we felt at home in our café,
If any stranger laughed we told him: "No,
We never laugh at that old man and so
If you must laugh go laugh across the way."

We whom he chose as friends could not betray
His trust—knowing he had not long to stay—
And while he stayed with us at least no blow,
No sneer should hurt the constant dream which lay
So close behind his eyes, nor overthrow
Such happy certainty of wedding day.

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING.

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UTAH THE BEAUTIFUL

By MARGARET LEE KEYTING

"ESCALANTE: A Spanish priest, the first white man to look upon this valley. Camped with his comrades beside the Spanish Fork, September 23, 1776. . . . Tho' the pathfinders die, the paths remain open." So reads the inscription on the tablet erected in 1923 by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and by the city of Spanish Fork, Utah, to perpetuate the memory of that event.

While the history of Utah is inseparably linked with the padres of the great California, and stands beholden to the archdiocese of San Francisco; today Salt Lake, the largest diocese territorially in the United States and one of the smallest numerically, has become an integral part of the largest archdiocese in the country numerically, and one of the smallest in geographical expansion.

The year just passed has been, indeed, a significant one in Utah. It was the sesquicentennial of her baptism. America as a nation, in 1776, was shedding the blood of her sons that the United States might live to posterity. That same year, in the great stillness of her unclaimed wastes, a party of Spanish Franciscans, under the valiant leadership of Escalante, trudged across her warm, red, south country. They were seeking a direct route from Sante Fé, New Mexico, to Monterey, California. They penetrated her northern quietudes of lake and forest, and there offered the unbloody Sacrifice.

History marches in centuries—not in days and months, or even in years. Significant events of the present stand at attention. They lay reverent hands on the past. In the hour of such a benediction, the spirits of those who have gone, return to hallow the land of their endeavors. Their names and their deeds are on the lips of those who follow the "path that remains open." Those in the flesh upon this opened path catch a new glory in the sunshine—a new promise in the wind upon their eager faces. Just this has happened to Utah. She is in review.

It took 150 years to awaken Utah to consciousness of her Catholic romance. Hers has been an exultant awakening. There is a lure in this new country. She is in the making. The spirit of pioneers is still her energizing force. Utah's history is not a complicated one. Its very simplicity makes its importance illusive. It draws its romance from the fewness of the number and the character of those few souls who laid her corner-stone. Spanish missionaries located the ground, and trappers blazed the trails.

The Indians who roamed these regions were not highly civilized. Game was too plentiful—climate, atmosphere, living, too sufficient, to inspire personal ingenuity. The Utes, in the North, were a roving, treacherous, warring tribe. The Moquis, in the South, were agricultural—and agriculturally lazy because of earth abundance. Recent explorations in the South are unearthing archaeological finds to intrigue and task the scholar. The colonization that superseded the Indians was rapid and American. Brigham Young had built three cities before he reached his ultimate. When he built Salt Lake City, he built it to stand. He laid it out in strong, straight, long lines. He was prodigal of space. Wide streets and good roads secure the valleys and run like open adventures into its hills. He sent members of his flock into the outlying seclusions. He imposed on them agricultural necessities. They lived like the Indians—on the soil.

When Father Scanlan arrived as parish priest in 1873, he could claim but 800 souls in a parish of 87,000 population. There were but ninety Catholics in Ogden and Salt Lake. Nine families, in what became his cathedral city seven years later, were those with whom he started to build. Today, in a population of 450,000, the Catholics number 12,000.

Proximity eliminates perspective. One might well question the perspective on a diocese but two bishops old—a brief forty-six years—with her third bishop on the threshold of her adventurings. By reason of the vision of the two men who have passed, however, there is a definite perspective. A people must have a house. Bishop Scanlan, the first bishop, reclaimed enough from the swamplands of inertness for his church. Two years after his arrival, he solicited the Sisters of the Holy Cross for aid in opening a school. He located that land and drained it of the impossible—shouldering the difficulties with frenzied heroism. He gave them schools—and not those of pioneer ruggedness. He imported teachers who brought the advance and learning coincident with the erudition of the eastern seaboard of the late nineteenth century. It is well to remember that American literature and thought were then in the first period of national consciousness.

The mottoes on the episcopal coats of arms of Utah's three bishops are challenges that have rung through her spiritual capitol, and indicate a complete cycle of religious consecration: Quid timidi estis (Right Reverend Lawrence Scanlan, 1891-1915); Fortitudo et pax (Right Reverend Joseph S. Glass, 1915-1926); Mihi vivere Christus est (Right Reverend John Joseph Mitty, 1926). "Why do you fear? [I bring you] fortitude and peace. [For] to me, to live is Christ." Conquest; understanding; illumination. These three forces have laid siege to the soul of Utah, and made her mystical freewoman of Christ's endeavor.

Looking back, one sees that the man who stood here

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on the middle ground of episcopal succession, Bishop Glass, began to build on the drained swamp. He pointed a proud finger to the past of Utah. Fired by an intense realization of her heritage, sustained by the natural beauty of the land to which he came, and energized by her utter need, he made Catholicity in Utah a beautiful thing. He dedicated to God the best he could find of contemporary art in decorating the magnificent English Gothic cathedral which Bishop Scanlan had completed.

Pointing to the solid foundations that had been built by his great predecessor, Bishop Scanlan, in his forty-two years of labor, Bishop Glass insisted that there was nothing too good for Utah; and he made Utah believe it. She is firmly convinced today, that in the person of her third bishop, the very best has come to her. One must understand this to appreciate Utah's present jubilation and sense of security. It is not a newspaper sentimentalism. It is instinct with psychological confidence.

Shortly after the death of Bishop Glass, Mass was celebrated in Spanish Fork for the first time since the intrepid Escalante, 150 years before, had lifted the chalice to the rising sun before the wondering eyes of the Indians. It was a field Mass. It was a state celebration. People from Ogden, from Provo, from Salt Lake, and from points more distant, motored to this historic spot, where, fifty miles from Salt Lake City, Escalante had turned south and westward again. It was the first ecclesiastical recognition by the Church of her own initial step in Utah.

Of more signal importance, however, was the opening of Saint Mary's College and Academy of the Wasatch, by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, blessed this majestic new building of Spanish interpretation which stands high on the eastern foothills. It scans Salt Lake's western skyline with the great Romanesque capitol building. Beneath, rises the minaretted temple of Moroni, the towers of the Cathedral of the Madeliene, and the constantly increasing skyscrapers—those lifts of industrialism that have given to American architecture its native symbolism and strength.

If educational advantages are the measure of the progress of any community, the history of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in Utah is her greatest pledge for future greatness. Unless one has stood on the ground of the mother-house at Saint Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana, one cannot realize in what terms of immortality these spirits build. They build in thousands of acres—not city blocks. They plant hardwood trees—gaily reckless that the hands that seed them will be idle for their flowering.

By a unique unity, the establishment of the Holy Cross order in America, and the founding of Salt Lake by the Mormons, are synchronous. They both came into being about the same time. When the great French educator, the Very Reverend Edward Sorin, C.S.C., was dreaming of Indiana as the frontier of his endeavor, Joseph Smith was reaching for freer wastes in 1841. Buffeted through the Middle-West, the Mormons were leaving Illinois about the time that Father Sorin was breaking ground in Indiana for his stronghold of intellectual conquest. The year that Father Sorin sailed for America, Brigham Young sailed for England on the first missionary trip for his sect. By 1847, Father Sorin was firmly established in Indiana and Brigham Young had walked to Utah and said: "This is the place."

An interesting letter has come to light, from the pen of John MacReynolds, writing in the Kansas City Star in the year 1903:

> The Reverend Father De Smet visited Kansas City, probably the last time in January, 1862. He had walked the entire distance from St. Louis to Kansas City, as transportation had closed on the Missouri River, and staging was attended with too many difficulties, owing to the disturbed conditions incident to the Civil War. He was on his way back to the plains and New Mexico, where he had spent many years among the Indian tribes.
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> From my recollection of what Father De Smet said to me at that time, about the Mormon immigration to Salt Lake Valley in Utah, it is true that Father De Smet had met Brigham Young on the banks of the Missouri River and advised him to go to Utah with his followers, where they would be undisturbed by the trend of emigration for many years to come; and that Father De Smet furnished the Mormon prophet with a vivid description of the beautiful and fertile valley of Salt Lake, and also a map and chart of the route across the plains to that promised land. Father De Smet must have been the archangel whom the Mormons generally credit with appearing unto Brigham Young and directing his course across the western wilderness into a hitherto almost unknown part of the country. That Brigham had no definite knowledge of just where he would settle with his colony, is a well-known fact, and after meeting with Father De Smet, he determined to seek the land described to him by the Jesuit priest, and kept the matter a secret unto himself until he had discovered the exact location presented on the map furnished him.

However this might be, no tribute too great can be paid those who aided the first Catholics in their endeavors to erect a church for their people, schools for their children, and a hospital for their sick.

Utah has a picturesque past. She is the temple city of a sect that in less than one hundred years has proselyted the earth. To the Mormons, she is the land of promise, and they the chosen people of the last dispensation—the Latter Day Saints. They draw one's attention with pride to the topographical likeness of the valley to the Holy Land. This valley they made to "blossom like a rose." Salt Lake City, like Jerusalem, overlooks the Dead Sea—but that of the new world. Lake Gennesaret of the old law finds its prototype in the fresh waters of Utah Lake, some

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thirty-five miles south, which is joined to the great green sea of salt by the Jordan River.

Like the Catholics, the Mormons understand ecclesiastical leadership. One cannot understand the Catholic point of view here, without knowing something of the spirit dominating this valley. Brigham Young was their high priest, their prophet and their banker. Whatever may have been his financial shrewdnesses and populating complexes, he was a born builder, a colonizer, and a general of the first magnitude. No doubt his attitude to alien faiths was characterized by the same rugged fearlessness with which he met the objections of the more timorous of his flock, when the first railroad was headed toward Utah in 1869: "It's a damned poor religion that can't stand a railroad."

What the Mormons today cannot understand, however, is that politically, Catholics are not a unit. They do not realize that the Catholics have no giant commercial organization, such as the Zion Coöperative Mercantile Institution, which, reaching out like an octopus into the soil of this intermountain territory, locks the land in a magnificent, efficient monopoly of supply and demand. Nor have the Catholics any clearing-house of policing ingenuity, like the council of the Twelve Apostles. Mormonism concerns itself with the temporal and the spiritual welfare of its own. Catholicism, with the spiritual alone. Mormonism has a group conscience—an organization complex. Catholicism's organization exists solely for the function of the individual conscience.

To those who possess parochial systems that are resplendent in the tradition of brilliant alumni and consecrated masters, the infancy of Utah's system may appear insignificant. Seven years ago, the Daughters of Charity of the order of Saint Vincent de Paul opened a school in the abandoned building of the Judge Mercy Hospital. One year later, the Sisters of the Holy Cross began primary grades in the basement of the cathedral. A Catholic high school appropriated part of the Judge Mercy building, and is running into its fourth year. The faculty is composed of the Sisters of the Holy Cross and the priests of the diocese under the leadership of Reverend Joseph S. Keefe, diocesean superintendent of Catholic education in Utah.

Another significant endeavor is the ambition of the great student of western history, Dr. Herbert E. Bolton, of the University of California, to complete the last segment of the old Escalante trail. It is his purpose to retrace every foot of this, and for several years this historian of the West, with men of Utah and California, has been making this exploration, armed with the original of the Spanish diary of Escalante. So accurate were many of the descriptions of permanent landmarks, that the first translation by Dean Harris, while useful, has been proved erroneous in many places. Under Dr. Bolton a second translation will be completed. It was the first dream of a highway linking Utah and California. Railroads span this difference today in twenty-four hours. Airplanes fly its beauty in eight. But the first Lincoln highway to the land of sunshine—forgotten till now—will remain unmarked no longer.

In Utah's great land of southern adventure, Escalante Mountain lifts itself; not in pinnacles to pierce the sky, but in a long, flat altar of red sandstone, where blue shadows creep as incense about its feet. The sun touches it in the morning and the evening with the high mystery of light. Escalante looks down implacid upon the more strenuous beauty of Bryce Canyon—that mystic temple of wind and sun.

Salt Lake City has the romance of ancient cities: the beauty of Genoa—the symbolism of Jerusalem; and all the lure of the undiscovered treasures of an El Dorado. E. H. Harriman predicted that there would be four cities in America—New York and San Francisco, washed by two great oceans; and Chicago and Salt Lake, with the sweep of fertile valleys and desert wastes surging against their shores. Harriman made his act of faith in Salt Lake City when he purchased her traction system.

Salt Lake, the cathedral city, has a definite personality. She fires the imagination of great adventurers. Poets and artists woo her beauty. Philosophers ponder her sinister silence. We leave it to her native sons, like De Vota, to damn her. Such repudiations leave her as unstirred as Mona Lisa's smile. She is the enchantress of mighty faiths and heroic consecrations.

Katherine Fullerton Gerould, in her Aristocratic West, says:

> If you wish to come under Moroni's spell, dine at sunset on the roof of your hotel, opposite the Temple Block. Each moment is lovelier than the last. Your eye rakes three points of the compass: from the Wasatches behind you at your left, round to the Oquirrhs and the Great Salt Lake before you, to rest on Moroni rising on your right hand, his trumpet pointing to stars you cannot see. It is Moroni at nightfall who would convert me to Mormonism—if I were to be converted. He seems to have very little to do with Mormon, his father; or Joseph Smith, his prophet; or the hill, Cumorah; or the golden plates; but a great deal to do with human aspiration. Out of a forbidding faith and a lurid history, has come the figure of the angel at sunset.

There is another temple block where the sunset hour spins a golden web of passion. In the great lift of Gothic arches above a sanctuary of the Living God, one knows the exultation of eternal silence. Ecstasy of color—the lure of upward line—the quiet breathing of harmony—lay siege to the spirituality of old-world churches, and hold it incarnate—illusive. Gradually this old prayer in a new world is flinging its mesh of spiritual aspiration about a city as beautiful as any in the world—and as indifferent.

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PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF

By JAMES J. WALSH

IN AN article on Crime and the Alarmists, which appeared in the October number of Harper's magazine, Clarence Darrow called attention to the very inadequate grounds on which intensive deprecation of the increase of crime in our day is founded. Statistics are proverbially unreliable. Figures can be made to say almost anything that the person who collects them wants to affirm. Some of the most serious abuses come from people who mean very well and who are quite unconscious of the fact that they are uttering statements that are altogether unsubstantiated by the figures to which they make their appeal.

What we want to dwell on here, however, is not the crime situation and its statistics, but Mr. Darrow's own falling into exactly the same fault that he so properly deprecates in others. He makes a series of emphatic statements about the history of medicine, of which it is perfectly evident that he must know next to nothing. Think, for instance, of an intelligent man in our generation suggesting that "for eighteen centuries, over most of Europe, medical men were punished often in the most terrible ways for seeking to find out the causes of disease and for attempting to treat illness by scientific methods." It is even more astounding to find that such an expression comes from a lawyer who presumably ought to know something about the course of legal prosecution and the reasons for it.

For some seven centuries the greatest list of names connected by any bond in medical history, greater than that of any medical school faculty in the world, has been the list of papal physicians, that is, the men chosen by the Popes to be their personal medical attendants. One of the earliest of these known to us is the famous Simon of Genoa, the medical attendant of Pope Nicholas IV (1288-1292) who did so much to make the use of opium more scientific than it had been, and who established definite rules for its administration. Since that time practically every generation has seen one or more distinguished men occupying the position of papal physician. Often they were summoned from a distance and usually they were the representative medical scientists of their time.

Among them in the fourteenth century are such men as Arnold de Villanova, who had been the professor of medicine at the University of Paris, and Guy de Chauliac, who is usually hailed as the father of modern surgery. His text-book of surgery, La Grande Chirurgie, is one of the most interesting contributions ever made to this department. Each century after, more and more of these distinguished men came to occupy the position that was considered the highest honor in the medical world. The man who discovered the circulation of the blood in the lungs, Realdo Colombo, was at the moment papal physician and professor of anatomy in the medical school at the papal university at Rome. This was about the middle of the sixteenth century, shortly after the publication of Copernicus's great book on the heavens. Copernicus himself was a physician and had studied in Rome; and the first announcement of his new theory of the heavens was made in the papal city. After Colombo, came Eustachio after whom the Eustachian tube is named; and Varolio after whom the pons Varolii in the brain is named; and a little later, Malpighi who discovered and gave his name to more structures in the human body than any other man in the history of medicine.

But there is another paragraph of the introduction of Mr. Darrow's article that represents an even more startling excursion by him into the history of medicine than that with regard to the poor persecuted physicians "for eighteen centuries." That must be quoted in its entirety to be really appreciated.

> Insanity, too, was for many centuries thought of as possession by devils and the punishment of the afflicted individual was the favorite treatment for driving out the demon. Hundreds of thousands of unfortunate insane men and women have been put to the severest tortures even down to the most recent times. Sorcery, witchcraft, and magic were the only methods of treatment permitted and the physician was obliged to risk his liberty and life in treating insanity as a disease and seeking to understand the causes back of the phenomenon.

Now, let me place beside that a paragraph of about the same length written almost exactly seven centuries ago by Bartholomew the Englishman whose brief encyclopaedia of general knowledge was the most consulted book in his time and for the next three or four centuries. It exists in a great many manuscript copies; it was printed early in the history of printing, 1472, was reprinted a score of times before the end of that century, was translated into most of the languages and seems to have been a favorite reading of Shakespeare. Bartholomew's book was meant for priests particularly in order to help them to understand the Scriptures and above all to explain the meaning of them to the people. Bartholomew has a paragraph on madness or insanity. It is the most condensed account of mental disease to be found anywhere and it comprises more information that is of definite significance even in our day than I have ever seen brought together in similar brief form. Bartholomew said:

> Madness cometh sometime of passions of the soul, as of business and of great thoughts, of sorrow and of too

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> great study, and of dread; sometime of the biting of a wood-hound [mad dog] or some other venomous beast; sometime of melancholy meats, and sometime of drink of strong wine. And as the causes be diverse, the tokens and signs be diverse. For some cry and leap and hurt and wound themselves and other men, and darken and hide themselves in privy and secret places. The medicine of them is, that they be bound, that they hurt not themselves and other men. And namely such shall be refreshed, and comforted, and withdrawn from cause and matter of dread and busy thoughts. And they must be gladded with instruments of music and some deal be occupied.

That paragraph is so condensed that it would need a long commentary to make it properly appreciated. Note the causes—passion, business, too deep thinking, over-grief, over-study, dread, infection, melancholy meats (autointoxication) or alcoholic excess. The causes are all there except heredity, and that is a condition and not a cause. The symptoms—diverse, but classed as excitement and depression, mania and melancholy. The treatment—keep them from hurting themselves or others, give them recreation and diversion of mind, gladden them with music, give them manual occupation. We have only established this régime in our insane asylums in the past generation; but here is this dear old Franciscan recommending it in a book that was written for the clergy nearly seven hundred years ago.

Mr. Darrow should look to his sources. We would have been glad to have had more of the results of his personal observation and fewer of the wild statements he makes as the result of superficial knowledge.

PERILS OF MIGRATION

By HENRY SOMERVILLE

THERE will be some readers who remember the opening and the closing words of the Communist manifesto of 1848, written by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. "A spectre is haunting Europe" were the first words, and "Workers of the world, unite!" were the last. The international organization of the proletariat was itself the spectre to governments and governing classes. They trembled at the thought of a workers' revolution. History has developed very differently from the anticipations of both those who desired and those who feared revolution. "Society as a whole is more and more splitting up into two great hostile camps, into two great classes directly facing each other: bourgeoisie and proletariat," said the manifesto. Further: "The workingmen have no country. . . . National differences, and antagonisms between peoples, are daily more and more vanishing, owing to the development of the bourgeoisie, to freedom of commerce, to the world-market, to uniformity in the mode of production and in the conditions of life corresponding thereto. The supremacy of the proletariat will cause them to vanish still faster."

Since 1848 we have had the great war, not to mention other examples of national differences and antagonisms between peoples. A world labor congress was held in London some time ago. It was called by the International Federation of Trade Unions and it included the most famous Socialists and Marxians in Europe. The workers of a good many countries of the world were uniting and they showed to the world a spectre. They were uniting, however, not against capitalists, but against other workers; and the spectre was, not class revolution, but war of the workers of congested, low-wage countries against the rich new world which bars their entrance to a share in its prosperity.

Migration was the specific subject the congress was called to consider. J. W. Brown, one of the secretaries of the International Federation of Trade Unions, sounded the keynote in the opening speech:

> The great phenomenon of post-war times has been the increase in the regulation of migration and its restriction. It is chiefly the tendency toward restriction which is responsible for the decline in the figures. Europe is as anxious to emigrate as ever. In the first two or three years after the end of the war, European ports were crowded with emigrants waiting for ships to take them overseas: now the ships are there, but the emigrants, especially those of eastern and southeastern Europe, are shut out of the United States, which received the great bulk of emigrants before the war.

There were some conspicuous absentees from the congress. The United States was not represented. Japanese delegates were expected but were detained by another conference at Geneva. The Italians are most vitally affected by immigration barriers, but owing to Fascism they are not in the International Federation of Trade Unions. But there were Indians to speak for Asiatics, and Canada has very much the same viewpoint as the United States, while Australia was there to assert the rights of exclusiveness in the most extreme form.

Mr. Brown is the English secretary of an international federation. Restrictions scarcely affect the English worker for he has an open door to the British dominions. Moreover, Mr. Brown appears to incline to the belief that congested and impoverished countries may raise their standards of living by birth control. As an international official, however, he is bound to express in some degree the feelings of the countries which regard emigration as a necessity—Germany, Poland, Austria, Jugo-Slavia, in fact, all middle and southern Europe. His words were significant:

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> States with rapidly multiplying populations for which there is no corresponding increase in potentialities of absorption are a threat to the peace of the world; and the future may see devastating wars break out on this account. Such wars, whatever their ostensible or immediate causes, would be migration wars.

He specifically mentioned Japan and Italy as menaces to world peace on this account. Perhaps he would not have been so invidious if Japanese and Italian representatives had been present. A southern Slav delegate, however, took advantage to say that war might easily come from the Balkan countries where there were hundreds of thousands of workers who could not get a living and who found themselves shut out from the countries where there were opportunities for livelihood. "In our countries there are too many of us. There is not enough land for all, not enough work. Some of us must emigrate or all must sink in misery," was the burden of speech after speech. The natural desire of the workers of the more favored countries to defend their standards of life was recognized. "But they must not base their prosperity on our misery." There were the inevitable appeals to the solidarity of the working-class of the world.

Australia expressed most unyieldingly, one might say, brutally, the attitude of restriction. "You must not think of emigration as the remedy for your poverty and unemployment and overcrowding. Your remedy is to resolve at any cost to raise your standards of life by the restriction and improvement of your population," said the spokesman for Australia, a country nearly the size of the United States with only the population of New York City.

The vital question before the congress was embodied in the following resolution submitted by the Preparatory Commission:

> This congress declares that in principle migration should be free, that is to say, purely political reasons should not interfere with freedom of migration: economic conditions alone should weigh in the balance when decisions are being made, and only in very exceptional circumstances should other factors be allowed to influence these decisions.

It may be said at once that this resolution was not passed. The attitude of Canada and Australia prevented it. The British section sided with the dominions though they were responsible for the introduction of the resolution. France and Belgium which, since the war, have been immigrant-receiving countries, were easily brought to favor restriction. A commission of the congress held a private session. At this session a resolution virtually the same as that quoted was carried by a vote of twenty-five to fourteen. But after it was carried it was withdrawn and it was agreed that an announcement of what had happened should be made to the full congress with the explanation that the resolution was shelved in order to preserve unanimity but that it was to be brought up again at a future congress. It was frankly stated that if the congress had been held without the presence of "extra-European" delegates (Canadian and Australian) the resolution would probably have been carried unanimously.

"A spectre is haunting Europe," though not the spectre that Marx meant, and it is haunting not Europe only. It is the problem of old countries where population presses upon the means of subsistence, and where there is the demand for the open door to more spacious lands of ampler resources. The congress in London did something to educate Europeans as to the problems of social assimilation as well as economic absorption which have to be faced by countries which receive immigrants. But surely there is something for the new countries to learn and understand in the awful difficulties which oppress those lands where population outruns the natural resources. The populations of the new countries are themselves of immigrant stock. The evils from which their fathers escaped have not disappeared in the old world. Catholics, above all, should take a wide and sympathetic view. If selfishness keeps out justice and charity from the consideration of the allocation of the world's resources to the world's people, the issue may be universal disaster.

DOUAI IN DECAY

By LAWRENCE O. WOLF

MY ticket read, "Douai." This richly historic town lies close to the Belgian border, and is now one of France's industrial centres. Nothing in its appearance recalls the romance of its past. The approach by rail is through a forest of foundries and smoking stacks. Its station is new. On the one hand stretches a miniature city of modern red-tiled laborers' dwellings; on the other, what was once the walled town. As my arrival was in the early evening, I sought a guide-book for consumption with my dinner, but finding that none exists—Douai is off the tourist-trail—I contented myself with a newspaper. There is something in the journals of small towns which fascinates. The reading of them is a kind of legitimate eavesdropping—an unobserved scrutiny of the workings of our neighbor's household, without the disquieting apprehension of being humiliated by discovery.

The Salle à manger of the Grand Hotel de la Gare, was full of electric lights, commercial travelers, and tobacco smoke. I turned to my newspaper. My eye was caught by the caption: Enfin! La Caserne Durutte va Disparaitre (At Last! Durutte Barracks to Be Demolished) and beneath it, this:

"Grâce aux efforts tenace et aux démarches nombreuses de la municipalité, l'administration de la guerre vient de lâcher sa proie. Déjà hier, nous avons annoncé que les derniers services militaires avaient quitté la caserne. Il est à penser maintenant, que les démolisseurs ne tarderont pas à en prendre possession et que bientôt la désolante silhouette aura disparu."

("Thanks to the efficient policy and untiring efforts of the local authorities, the War Department has relinquished its prey. In accordance with our announcement of yesterday, the last troops have evacuated the barracks. We may safely predict that the wreckers will soon be at work and that before long this disheartening silhouette will be removed.")

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The tone of exasperation and suggestion of wounded civic pride, made me idly curious to see the "désolante silhouette," which had become the object of an animus so impatient for destruction.

But I had come primarily to look up the old English College, which, from the Elizabethan persecutions when Catholicism and Christ's priesthood were proscribed in England, had been the home of so many learned martyrs and saintly scholars. I left the hotel for a short walk before retiring. Once I realized that I was in Douai, all thought of barracks was obscured by the moving tableaux that occupied my imagination: sixteenth-century England estranged from the Church; the halls of Oxford abandoned by a conscientious group of professors and students, whose love for Christ was greater even than their great love for learning, men to whom heaven meant more than home, who abandoned the amenities of their native land for the discomfort and trials of a life of exile in the Low Countries. I saw the energetic Cardinal Allen: now at Rome, now at Louvain, founding his college at Douai, and saving it by removal to Rheims; always active: praying, planning, voyaging, studying, teaching, all under the grim shadow of an assassin's pursuing arm. The saintly Doctor Martin, broken in health, but ceaselessly bent over his exhausting task of translating the Bible into English; his friend Campion; Elizabeth's agents, their plotting and defaming, and the consequent popular hostility in Douai to the new institution; the exile and flight to Rheims; and then the students, of whom during the next fifty years, 109 gave their lives in the effort to restore and maintain in England the faith of their fathers—a veritable martyrum candidatus exercitus—who claim, by the rubrics written in their blood, a becoming reverence for the chronicle of their alma mater.

I was traversing a spacious irregular square, planted with tall starved-looking trees. There was a fine moon, but no street lights. I looked about to assure my return, when a long, silent building flanking one side of the Place attracted me. I was astonished at the sense of familiarity it evoked; something of the feeling we experience when we meet an acquaintance of long ago, whose name has escaped our memory. Through an alley of elms the moon revealed a great plain structure of three stories and three long rows of unlighted windows, the blackness of which against the pallor of the moonlit wall was suggestively funereal. "Désolante silhouette"!—the newspaper's phrase came unsought to my lips. I was about to seek the "electric cheer" of the hotel, when the recollection of an old woodcut of Douai's English College flashed upon me. Although the image was not clear, a growing suspicion occupied me. I turned to the building. Was it possible that here . . . but no, over the round arch of the portal I read: Caserne Durutte.

My inquiries the next morning revealed nothing. Douai seemingly was as ignorant of the existence of the venerable monument I was seeking, as was the English-speaking world at large of that monument's historic significance. Under the influence of the doubt awakened the preceding evening, I was penetrating into the barracks, when a French officer arrived on bicycle. He was somewhat of a Don Quixote and rode full speed against the wooden partition that barricaded the entrance. Heroically sustaining the shock of the collision, he, bicycle, spurs and all wriggled through the slender aperture formed by a swinging wooden gate which the impact had set in motion. I reached him as he was dismounting. We stood within an immense court closed on three sides—behind us, by the building, through the tunneling arch of which we had come—on the left and right, by extensive wings of equal height. Before I could form my question, it was answered. This was the old English College! There in the trumeaux between the second-story windows were the squares of white stone, twenty-one of them, bearing the arms and names of the English benefactors who had contributed to the reconstruction and enlargement of the college almost two hundred years ago. The hammers of the Revolution, weather, and moss had done much to deface them, but they still served to identify what once they had embellished.

A poilu was at the gate and consented to accompany me about, assuring me, however, that it was at my own risk. By daylight, the college or barracks was a skeleton of leprous walls and gaping windows. Above the third story, a black paper roof, invisible at night, was broken by a series of windows en mansarde. Somewhat lower, a decaying gutter stretched partway across the façade like an unclean reptile. Never did shriveled cocoon less suggest its radiant winged issue, than this wretched ruin, the illustrious progeny once nurtured within its walls. The central court was a horrid waste of weeds gone to seed. Here during the Revolution, on the occasion of the second expulsion, when the rebel functionaries were already in possession, a few students and a priest, under cover of darkness, hurriedly buried the college plate and the altar's relics. And it is probable that somewhere under this disheartening rectangle, there moulders the cilice of Thomas à Becket, and the Cardinal's biretta of Saint Charles Borromeo, for all that has been found is the plate which is now at St. Edmund's and Ushaw in England.

The exploration of the interior was rendered difficult by the masses of débris encumbering the corridors, and somewhat perilous by reason of the insecurity of the floors. We were not long in finding what had been the chapel. It occupied the ground floor of a two-story rectangular edifice built end to end against an extremity of the body of the college, and forming with it a continuous wall along the public square. Nothing but a trifling detail in its construction suggested its one-time character. It is stone-paved and slightly concave at the end opposite the entrance, which is through the college. Six deep-set windows on the left hand look out into a small lateral court which floods the whitewashed walls and ceiling with a cold light. Its sole ornament is an army bulletin of procedure to be followed in case of fire!

Such is the English College of Douai, cradle of martyrs, origin of the English Bible text which bears its name, and very probably the first seminary to be established in conformity with the legislation of Trent, or such it was a twelvemonth ago. I am happy to have seen it and known it at first hand before it crumbles under the wreckers' blows. That is to have established at least some contact with its history, a history, the material phase of which measures nearly four centuries, and the great chapters of which can be sketched in as many words: college, military hospital, cotton factory, barracks. Its spiritual history can never be adequately written, for that has reaches which transcend the limits of space and time.

Lines from the Armenian

Eyes—to the burning coals till sight is slain!
Tongue—feel my cutlass; you shall speak no more!
Heart—with a thrust I quench you in your gore.—
Nay, fool. You loved. Groan in your little pain!

THOMAS WALSH.

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POEMS

The Madonna's Lamp

(Translator's Note:—The following poem, written by H. R. H., Prince William of Sweden, at present a distinguished visitor to the United States, is a translation from the original Swedish.—Thomas Walsh.)

When we, two friends from childhood, wanderers are,
And fate like dice would cast me 'gainst the wall—
With paths before me steep where many a scar
And only echoings attend my call—
Then will your face across my memory fall
Like some Madonna dimly shrined afar
Where I shall be the lamp's unquenching star
To shed a tender radiance over all.

Long as the oil shall last, the flame shall light
The soft reflection of two eyes as bright
As in those happy days we used to know;
Then should it shrink and flicker out of sight
Still, still the mild Madonna face will glow
Although the lamp has darkened long ago.

PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN.

Nocturne

Amid the silence tired the organ; night
In this cathedral, life, brings peace:
The players all have gone: there is surcease
From students, sharp, experimental, bright,
And from the loving cruel one who knows.
No more the tortured soul, too skilfully keyed,
Pours out responsive sound from varied reed;
The day's confusions dim. The Host-light glows.

Now sound resolves itself to nothingness:
No talent formulates, no hands impress
Ripe alien lives upon the open keys;
And from the bellows that it has possessed
The energy departs. I am at ease,
Alone with God, a thought of love, and rest.

JOHN SHERRY MANGAN.

The Precocious Child Speaks

Bring me the moon to keep my fear away,
For here it is dark;
And let the spheres sing me a roundelay,
Because they are stark.

Shut up the goblin-men in subtle cages,
And I shall be glad;
Then burn to ash the transcendental pages,
In magic clad.

The stars will ward off fear, for lack of better.
Bring me a few
Before the imps have chained me with a fetter
Of morning dew.

LEO MARKUN.

Frontispiece

They say you've stepped out of a story-book,
But now I've stepped in, I know.
'Twas never a door that I came through but
A cover that opened so!

Oh, this is too lovely to be just true—
This room full of daffodils,
Where windows look down on the beach and sea
And up at the sky and hills!

Oh, these are too quaint now to be quite so—
This Chinaman chocolate pot,
This musical plate, these mauve satin chairs,
This fender where toast keeps hot!

And you are too dear to be wholly real—
Fire-drowsy yet crisply sage—
Oh, hadn't I better sit down at once
Before someone turns the page?

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY.

The Great Tent

The circus came. The great tent rose, the cars
Brought elephants and monkeys and we had
The joy of watching how, beneath the stars
Trinidad flourished, Seville or Bagdad.
And as if we had all touched suddenly
Aladdin's lamp, a wonder came to pass,
A world took shape beneath a canopy,
A magic moved where had been only grass.

And then one night we looked and the eyes took
The wonder in no more, for what had been
Canvas and rope was sky and laughing brook,
A valley under stars; we heard the thin
Low rumble of a moving train and far
Off in the night the yelp of a jaguar.

HAROLD VINAL.

Presage

Come trees, we'll troop away awhile to find
Another country; silver woven wind,
Come with us too, and leave these heavens blind.

A place that's panoplied with promise only;
Where no fruition leaves the landscape lonely—
The day before the earliest day of spring,
Which, in its self, hides all the shapes that sing;
That is this country's sole remembering.

Not that which is, but that which is to be,
The undiscoverable ecstasy,
We seek—O lovely wind; O lifted tree.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Brothers Karamazov

THE ultimate machinery of the Theatre Guild repertory season was put in motion with the production of Jacques Copeau's dramatization of The Brothers Karamazov—that involved and powerful story by Dostoievsky which the Moscow players presented in a different version some years ago. Copeau himself came over from France to direct the present production, and a magnificent job he has made of it, thanks to the lavish and unrestrained support of the Guild and the excellent acting material at his disposal. Only the last of five long acts seemed to fall outside of the unity of the piece and to meander into by-paths that led to anti-climax. As a whole, this is probably the most absorbing and authentic drama the New York stage has seen this year.

It is rare that one feels in the short compass of a play the sweep and penetration, the symphonic quality, of a novel. But Copeau has captured just that quality. This is no commonplace tale, this story of the interaction of four male minds overshadowed by the sinister reprobate who is their father. In the neurotic and fear-stricken Dmitri who achieves redemption, in the strong and lovely soul of Aliocha the young priest, in the intellectual pride and atheism of Ivan, and in the epileptic degeneracy of Smerdiakov the illegitimate brother, we have one of those amazing groups, occasionally found within one family, which seem to sum up all the conflicting elements of life: spiritual, physical and mental; running the gamut from exaltation to terror, from brave humility to diabolic pride. Throw such a group together with their passions, their jealousies, their hopes and fears, their terror and hate and their loves, and what will happen? Drama, of course; but far more than drama, a picture of life forces struggling, swaying, despairing, praying; achievement, destruction, and beauty born from chaos. There are moments of mute horror in this play, moments like tempered steel, and again moments that rise to the tragic beauty of a moral crucifixion.

Nor is it a play of men entirely. Two women cross the paths of these brothers, one, Katerina, a proud creature, loving the feeling of self-sacrifice and loving still more the power to hold others by making them humiliate themselves—the kind of woman who will attach herself to a weakling for the special delight of having him come to her again and again for forgiveness. The other, Grouchenka, is a woman of the taverns, a wanton in the view of some people, but with the latent power of becoming a saint—a woman whose unguided instinct leads her to understand beauty and nobility and above all to trust blindly the man she loves at a moment when that trust means his redemption. In the present production, Lynn Fontanne plays this part, and does so with an amazing outpouring of sheer beauty, disclosing a depth of feeling and emotional power which one would barely suspect from her usual high comedy work. This same quality appeared in the last act of Goat Song, it is true, but never with the same freedom and deep womanly quality as now. Katerina is played by Clare Eames, and, for once this season, she is a disappointment. She plays in a dominant key of cold calculation, far too conscious, one feels, of her own destructive forces.

In the tortured Dmitri, Alfred Lunt finds by far his greatest part to date. In one sense it is a much less difficult part than Maximilian, because its intention is clearer, and it leads through all its chaotic moments to a more definite conclusion. But in its demands upon the full resources of a powerful actor, Dmitri is a part that few would dare to tackle. There is hardly an instant of relaxation. Its emotional intensity must be sustained unflaggingly. The physical strain alone of the tavern scene, with its wild dance, its moment of projected suicide and its final pitch of exaltation as Dmitri bravely accepts the punishment for another's guilt, demands an equipment in voice and physique such as few actors possess. Mr. Lunt comes through this strain as a veritable theatrical giant, perceptive, intuitive, flexible yet staunch. As always, his voice handicaps him. He has to force it at every moment, and to force it over the hurdle of difficult lines as well as emotions. But he does wonders with it, for he makes it express an amazing range of feeling.

But this is not the kind of play that can depend on the brilliant work of two or three persons. Dudley Digges has been entrusted with the colorful if repulsive rôle of the elder Karamazov—the one from whose debauched body and soul sprang the brood of strange brothers. Mr. Digges plays the part with his usual eye for telling detail and gives us the portrait of a man whose slippery mind and crafty soul overhang the play like the menace of sin itself. Smerdiakov, in the hands of that master craftsman, Edward G. Robinson, is also an unforgettable portrait—the servile brain in the diseased body, mounting to a pitch of vengeance against the tyrant to whom he owes his heritage. Aliocha is also well taken by Morris Carnovsky—a character of almost Franciscan simplicity and beauty. George Gaul, however, in the part of Ivan—often selected as the star acting part of this version—fails somehow to make this character proportionately interesting.

The Pirates of Penzance

HOW does he do it? I mean, of course, Winthrop Ames and the magic he sheds around Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Last season and a goodly part of this one (and still to be seen on Thursday evenings!) Iolanthe breathed its spell over New York audiences, and now those same audiences are catching a new enchantment in the Pirates—holding their sides a little tighter than ever, revelling again in delicious music, and with one accord proclaiming Mr. Ames a re-creative artist for bringing back to them the sheer delight of older days.

This feeling is not confined to those excellent people, the Gilbert and Sullivan fans, who will only come to the theatre when one of the Savoy operas is on the boards. A whole new generation is learning to its amazed delight that this famous partnership actually wrote other and more beautiful operas than Mikado and Pinafore. There will soon be a large body of enthusiasts under thirty shedding Gilbert lyrics as freely as they now do the wisdom of Milt Gross or Will Rogers. And that is a fine thing for the theatre.

Old-timers will remember that after the first few bars, the overture strikes up the tune most familiar to us these days as Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here! Well, that pretty well expresses the feelings of those assembled to see Mr. Ames repeat his Iolanthe triumph. He has, in fact, retained all the artists of the Iolanthe company. John Barclay, tall—vastly tall—thin and humorous, now plays the pirate chief.

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William Williams, recently Strephon, now parades and deliciously sings as the unfortunate Frederic, the slave of duty. Ernest Lawford, not quite so well cast as for the Lord Chancellor, now assumes the burdens of Major-General Stanley with his multitudinous daughters; and William C. Gordon takes a vacation from the Grenadier Guardsman to play the famous Sergeant of Police whose lament about the lot of the policeman "when constabulary duty's to be done" is something just this side of a classic.

Ruth, the piratical maid-of-all-work, is the ex-queen of the fairies, Vera Ross. In fact, the only newcomer is Ruth Thomas as Mabel, the most heroic of all General Stanley's daughters. And she is a most welcome newcomer at that, with a delicate coloratura voice, a delightful pair of sympathetic eyes and a quiet, pointed humor. For the rest, there is only one way to catch the peculiar charm of these Ames productions, and that is to see and hear them—a duty cheerfully recommended!

The Wooden Kimono

THE large audiences that are greeting the presentation of The Wooden Kimono show that the childhood of the average man points to the eternal, for a more preposterous agglomeration of melodrama and improbability has rarely been seen in a New York theatre.

The audience responded with gusts of laughter to incidents that would have tickled even the small boy home from boarding-school; there is a real murder which makes one doubt whether or not, after all, the authors are serious; but there are so many characters and so many motives that one is confused to find who is the hero and who is the villian even at the final dénouement.

After all, the rather brainless interest of the plot, the uncertainty of everything, the general delirium of the action meet with such response on the part of the audience that one must classify The Wooden Kimono on a par with the pictures of Hairbreadth Harry, and sit in at the discussion whether the production is superhumanly clever or uncannily stupid.

T. W.

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COMMUNICATIONS

AMERICAN CATHOLIC POETS

Belleville, Ill.

TO the Editor:—Father Daly's word about Irwin Russell reminds me of the world of American Catholic poets unknown to anthologists. And speaking of anthologists, how many are aware that in the infant days of the Church in this country appeared George Hill's British Catholic Poets, to be followed in 1881 by Eliot Ryder's The Household Library of Catholic Poets (1350-1881) in which Americans had their first share of attention? Excellent though it is, Ryder's book contains no mention of the Yankee poet, George Hill, who not only enjoyed a national reputation as a man of letters, but as a fervent Catholic, and one of the founders of the Church in his native Guilford. But who ever hears of George Hill when Catholics enumerate their writers! Born in Guilford in 1796, Hill died in New York City in 1871. He graduated at Yale in 1814, was an instructor in the United States navy, author of several volumes of verse, of the anthology mentioned above, of an historical novel, of the dedication ode for the unveiling of the Halleck statue; he was librarian of the State Department, consul to Asia Minor, etc.

There are many others, either unknown to or ignored by our anthologists, whose claims to recognition should be handsomely acknowledged in future works of this kind. Perhaps the following list of names may not be unwelcome to readers of your periodical: George Henry Miles (1824-71); Dr. Jedidiah V. Huntington (1824-71); John Howard Payne (1819-91); William Henry Cuyler Hosmer (1814-77); Mary Ann Wetmore Spooner (1794-1877); Donn Pratt (1819-91) first to encourage James Whitcomb Riley, whose Donn Pratt of Mac-o-chee ought to be better known; Caroline Russell Bispham; Francis Vielé-Griffin (1864-1917); Mrs. Fenimore Cooper Pomeroy (Stella Maria Woolson); Mary Newmarch Prescott (1849-1901) sister of Harriet Prescott Spofford; Dr. John D. Bryant (1811-77); Caroline Davenport Swan; Wendell Phillips Stafford; Rose Hawthorne Lathrop (1857-1926); George Parsons Lathrop (1851-98); Ripley Dunlap Saunders (1856-1915); Helen Haines; John Savage (1828-88); Ellen C. Doran Howarth (1827-99); Robert Cox Stump; Reverend Benjamin D. Hill (1842-1916) C.P.; Sophia May Tuckerman Eckley (1823-74); William Augustine Newland (1813-1901); Howard Hayne Caldwell (1823-58).

Reverend Clarence A. Walworth (1820-1900); Richard Henry Wilde (1787-1847); Colonel Theodore O'Hara (1828-67) whose stirring Bivouac of the Dead is inscribed over the gateways of most of our national cemeteries; Edith Walker Cook; Joseph Brennan (1828-57); Lorenzo Da Ponte (1748-1838); Robert Dwyer Joyce (1836-83); Brother Azarias; Reverend Jeremiah W. Cummings (1823-66); Mrs. Bernhard Berenson ("Mary Logan"); Alfred W. Moriarty; Eliot P. Ryder (1856-86) "Samuel H. Derbry"; Dr. James Webb Rogers (1822-96) Princeton, 1841, father of the famous scientist, James Harris Rogers; Blair Fairchild, Paris; Annie Chambers Ketchum, who always claimed as her own The Bonny Blue Flag; Reverend Donald X. McLeod (1821-65); Laura Keene (1820-73) the great actress; Mary Alice Ives Fonda (1837-97) "Otavia Hensel," the friend of Liszt and Wagner; Charles J. O'Malley (1857-1910); Sister M. Fides Shepperson; Helen Bartlett Bridgman; Ebenezer Marvin Smalley (1831-77) humorist, who succeeded John

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G. Saxe as editor of the Burlington (Vermont) Sentinel; Reverend Alfred Young, C.S.P., Princeton, 1848; Susan L. Emery (1846-1914) first to translate the Little Flower verses; Elizabeth Fries Lummis Ellet (1818-77); Susan Blanchard Elder; Reverend John Milton Harney (1787-1825) O.P.

William Henry Thorne (1839-1907); Dr. Moses L. Linton (1812-72); Catherine Ware Warfield (1818-77) and her sister, Eleanor Percy Ware Lee (1820-49); Joseph Converse Heywood (1834-1900) Harvard, 1855, owner of the Porlonia Palace, Rome; Dr. Edwin Benjamin Russell; Marion Ames Taggart, whose priceless Griffin ought to appear in every anthology; Mme. Ellen Arrington (1810-67); Reverend Charles C. Pise (1802-66); James Ryder Randall, author of Maryland, My Maryland; Reverend John F. Moranville (1760-1824); Cornelius A. Logan (1806-53); John A. Shea (1802-45); Major William Seton; James Jeffrey Roche; Fitz James O'Brien (1828-62); Colonel George Hay Ringgold (1814-64); Charles J. Cannon (1800-60); Esmeralda Boyle; Richard Henry Savage; Charles H. A. Esling (1845-); Mme. Elizabeth Van Ness Ten Broeck (1815-1901) R.S.H.; Edith Riker Wilson; Mary S. Furman Whitaker, and her daughter Lily; Dr. Richard Storrs Willis (1819-1900) Yale, 1841, composer of the music to the nationally popular hymn, It Came Upon the Midnight Clear; Julia Adams Sargent Wood ("Minnie Mary Lee"); Reverend Russell Jones Wilbur; Emma Howard Wight; Eliza Allen Starr; Mary Agnes Tincker.

Elvira Sydnor Miller; Harrison Conrad; Charles A. L. Morse; Emma Forbes Cary; Sarah Trainer Smith; Margaret H. Lawless; Margaret Buchanan Sullivan; Mary Catherine Crowley; Jocelyn Johnston (1857-1903); Denis McCarthy; Mary Nixon Roulet; Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren (1835-98) and her son, Vinton A. Goddard; Mary Evelyn Converse (1869-1915); Elizabeth Waylen ("Ethel Tane"); Henshaw Dana (1846-83); Angelique De Lande (1843-1916); Anna Payra Dinnies (1805-86); William Giles Dix (Harvard, 1845); Helene Sanford Dow; Cornelia Durant Da Ponte; Catherine Rush Emerson Gardner (1833-1920); R.S.H.; Commander William Gibson (1826-87) U.S.N.; Elizabeth Francis Nash Cecil; Martha Duncan Walker Cook (1808-74) to whom Poland owes a statue; Kate Vannah, Elinore Cooper Bartlett; Maria Rives Gross Horwitz; Alice Worthington Winthrop (1846-).

JOHN ALDIS.

THE SLOVAK POPULAR PARTY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I read with great interest the letter of Reverend A. A. Novajovsky published in your edition of December 29, dealing again with conditions in Czecho-Slovakia. This letter contains some items I feel obliged to answer in order to present the matter in the right aspect.

As I am neither authorized to pronounce myself about the present state of the political relations between the Czecho-Slovakian government and the Holy See, nor think that this problem falls under the scope of the discussion raised by your first article, I shall limit my answer to pointing out the present attitude of the Slovak Popular party toward Svehsla's government, only.

This party undoubtedly forms a part of the present governmental majority as its vote for the budget presented to the Parliament by the Prime Minister which could not be passed without this party's consent, and the party manifesto published after the vote in the main organ of the party, Slovak, and explaining the reasons of the party's procedure, prove. In this connection, the question of how many and which portfolios will be assigned to the Slovak Popular party seems to me of minor importance and I accepted bona fide the information published in some of the Czecho-Slovakian newspapers in New York about the entrance of the Slovak Popular party into the government where the names of Dr. Gazik as Minister for the Unification of Law and Dr. Tisso as Minister of Public Health, were mentioned. It is true that this information was premature and the negotiations concerning the former assignation of portfolios are still pending and will be resumed after the Christmas recess of Parliament.

It seems to me therefore, a very serious misunderstanding of the present political conditions in Czecho-Slovakia and a complete misinterpretation of the apparent development of the relations between both Catholic parties in Czecho-Slovakia and the government when Reverend Novajovsky dares to call and stigmatize the present administration in Czecho-Slovakia as "inimical to Catholicism and opposed to the just aspirations of the Slovaks, 80 percent of whom are Catholics." The presence already of three Catholic Ministers in the Cabinet: Dr. Sramek as Minister of Social Welfare, Dr. Mosek as Minister of the Postal Service, and Dr. Mayr Harting as Minister of Justice; the election of the former leader of the Moravian Catholic party, Dr. Morris Hruban, to the dignity of Chairman of the Senate, the passing of the Congrua bill improving the material status of the Catholic clergy, are symptoms which indicate plainly that the present government is not and, under existing parliamentary conditions, could not be anti-Catholic.

PEREGRIN FIŠA.

THE FACTS OF FASCISM

Wollaston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Since the appearance of Mr. Harvey Wickham's article, The Facts of Fascism, there is no need to attempt to make a lengthy rejoinder to the remarks contained in Dr. Ryan's letter in which he refers to what he calls my "wild and whirring words."

However, there is obviously so wide a divergence between the views on Fascism as expressed by Dr. Ryan, and the matter as well as the spirit of the statements made by highly-placed churchmen in Italy itself that I feel that the statement that Mussolini's discipline is constructive as well as being based upon the moral order, is accurate.

Cardinal Ascalesi, Archbishop of Milan, speaks of "the great end to be realized through the high qualities and unique character of the Duce," and the learned Benedictine, Father Primovesti, preaching at Liverpool, calls the régime of Mussolini, the reign of justice. As for the American Federation of Labor, the kind of "discipline" they have more or less supported in Mexico has not called forth from Dr. Ryan a term so strong as "monstrous," which he uses in dealing with Fascism.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH.

Stockton, Calif.

TO the Editor:—I thank Father Ryan for elucidating my "confusion of thought" concerning his recent articles on Fascism. But this follows: either he has misstated the principles of Fascism, or the many Catholics, high and low, churchmen and laymen, who support Fascism in Italy must be pitied as affected by "confusion of thought."

REV. ALBERT R. BANDINI.

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BOOKS

This Believing World, by Lewis Browne. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THIS is a book in the Van Loon tradition, written in a turgid, would-be impressive style, and illustrated by some of the worst drawings that ever issued from the press. These things would matter perhaps but little, but the book is hopelessly out of date, for its author seems to be utterly unacquainted with the recent literature—vast in amount—concerning comparative religion. Thus he commences by attempting to account for the origin of the idea of God by the animistic theory of Tyler, put forward more than half a century ago, and since then subjected to a battery of hostile criticism. The author does not mention Tyler's name nor his book in the bibliography, and perhaps does not know that Tyler was the originator of the idea.

Man had a dream, that made him think of a spirit within. If he had one, so had everything else. Thence, ancestor-worship; polytheism; a tidying-up in the way of a pantheon with a president of the immortals; monotheism. Just the kind of a neat, complete scheme which was turned out by the dozen in many subjects under the powerful influence of Darwin and evolution.

Modern anthropologists have turned to the one true path—that of investigating actual facts; and they are all against this theory. It has this fatal flaw: it starts with a man who has no idea of any such thing as a god—in what has been called an atheistic race. Now, as Plutarch said centuries before Christ, there is no such race, and as far as we know, there never has been such a race. The idea of such a race has gone, as one writer says, to the limbo of dead controversies. Again, it contains the idea that all men have such a conception as that of spirits. Yet many primitive races think of their Supreme Being as a kind of superman, living afar off; and not as a spirit at all. That is a fatal blow to the hypothesis, which offends also against the perfectly adequate philosophical argument that an effect cannot rise above its cause, and that the theory is quite inadequate to account for the hold which religion has, and has always had, on mankind.

Jumbled up with the Tylerian hypothesis is the perfectly different idea—taken from Frazer—that magic was the original form of religion. Here again, it would appear that the author has never heard of Lang's works—at least they are nowhere mentioned nor is their argument discussed. In the opinion of many, they demolished the "magic" idea. The book contains an exceedingly poor drawing, inscribed "the first church," and representing "an ugly idol made of mud" in a rude shed—Rabbi Browne's idea of how man first worshipped God. Yet the really primitive races, such as the aboriginal Australians, make no images or representations of the Supreme Being in whom they believe. They make fetish figures like the one represented, but these figures have an absolutely different significance.

If magic began religion, we should expect to find at least one backward race which practised nothing else. Religion is suppliant and begs a favor. The favor is refused or delayed, and magic—the black shadow of religion—appears and says: "If you won't give it to me, I'll make you!" Frazer puts the cart before the horse. The Chinese are one of the oldest peoples, and their civilization as ancient as any. Professor Giles, an acknowledged authority, says that there are no facts pointing to the conclusion that magic preceded religion in a country whose records go to show that the worship of one God has been the custom from the beginning. From such a start, it is natural that Rabbi Browne should see magic everywhere. The idea of the Blessed Sacrament is "quite flagrantly the relic of an old magic rite." He has an Anglican bishop, Dr. Barnes of Birmingham, to support him; or perhaps he is only quoting without acknowledgment the Bishop's words. If so, he could hardly choose a weaker authority, for profound knowledge of the higher mathematics, which the Bishop has, does not necessarily connote any acquaintance with the vast subject of anthropology. Carrying on with the Tylerian hypothesis, the Rabbi tells us that it was long ages before man arrived at the idea of one God—and he sets this down as if it were an incontrovertible fact. And that is exactly what it is not.

Some few years ago, that distinguished American anthropologist, Swanton, in a presidential address to the American Anthropological Society, said: "In the case of our regnant monotheism, it is a fair question whether it does not tie on to a belief in a sky-god, extending back to the earliest days of religion among men." Here again, if mankind had really reached this idea through the chain of beliefs enumerated above, we might have expected that at least a few backward races would have been found on some of the lower rungs of the ladder—but there is not one. In fact, the more primitive the race, the purer the idea. The Pygmies of the Central African forests have, says Bishop Le Roy who lived with them for years, a purer idea of God than many of the more advanced tribes. The same is true of the Andamanese, the most primitive of races. And the native Australians, a primitive enough people, believe in a Supreme Being Who made man of mud; Who was once on earth but now is in the skies; Who is a legislator, guardian; Who rewards and punishes; Who is clement and benevolent.

It was inevitable that when such ideas as these came to be known, it should be said that they were learned from missionaries, or were the far-off echo of missionary teachings. That matter having been most fully looked into and discussed, it now appears that there is not a particle of evidence for such an explanation; the ideas are original with the Australian. So far as we have as yet learned, all the facts point to an original belief in a single Supreme Being, which belief has become encrusted with all sorts of accretions such as animism, ancestor-worship, and the like. But they are accretions. Ancestor-worship, which was a rung in the Tylerian ladder, is unknown among some races; and does not appear to have been part of the religion of prehistoric man. He believed in the survival of the soul, and he made offerings for the use of that soul. That is very different from worshipping that soul, or any soul. That idea did exist in some cases—in China, for example—but not everywhere; and when it came, it was an accretion, as in China, to the monotheistic idea, and not in any way a step on the road to it. The author, as we learn from the jacket, is a rabbi; and I desire to speak with respect of that body of men he represents when I say that it is scarcely from among their ranks that one would expect a sympathetic account of the Founder of the Christian religion; or of the religion which He founded. Christ was an ignorant peasant workman who knew no Greek; who didn't know exactly who he was, or what he wanted; and who died because of the arrogant tone which he adopted toward the authorities—and so on.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

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Six Fundamentals of Religion, by J. A. McClorey. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $1.25.

Fundamental Christianity, by F. L. Patton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

THE very titles of the two volumes listed above are a challenge. To use the word "fundamental" or "fundamentalist" in regard to one's religious beliefs is, in the minds of our amateur journalist-theologians, to align oneself with all that is conservative and intransigeant. When to be "modernist" has become as much the fashion in religion as to be "Bohemian" in Greenwich Village, it is interesting to find two books representing a logical and clear-minded "fundamentalism" coming from such widely-separated thinkers as a Jesuit preacher, and the former president of Princeton University, and later of Princeton Theological Seminary, who writes from the standpoint of Presbyterianism—of a Presbyterianism that, within the ambitus of its own dogmatic premises, is singularly logical and coherent and whose adherents are uniformly noticeable for the consistency and moral courage with which they translate their theological system into practical Christian living.

Father McClorey's book comprises a series of six sermons or addresses, apparently used or intended for use in a mission or spiritual retreat. They are straightforward and earnest talks on certain basic doctrines of the Catholic faith and in reading them one feels very strongly the influence of the Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius, especially of the Principium et Fundamentum, dealing with the purpose of human life, with which Saint Ignatius prefaces the Exercises, and the first section or "week," devoted to the great truths of Catholic eschatology. A certain distrust of emotion and of the merely subjective has always characterized the domestic tradition of the Society of Jesus, a fact that accounts perhaps for the confidence and respect given to Jesuit ascetical and mystical writers even by those who are not attracted by the distinctive ethos of that great order. There is also a vein of optimism about human nature, which can be noted in a very different ecclesiastical organization, the Paulist Fathers, and which marks off both bodies from the more rigidly Augustinian tradition. One may contrast Father McClorey's summary of the purposes of pain, the third of which is, "to confirm us in a virtuous life," with Thomas à Kempis's less sanguine Pauci ex infirmitate meliorantur. The treatment of hell, based presumably on Saint Ignatius's meditation on hell according to the five senses, is probably not very effective with the people who buy and read religious works as distinguished from the simpler—and happier—souls who are influenced for good by such imaginative descriptions at Lenten missions. It is a sign of the healthy vein of rationalism and of confidence in human nature distinctive of Jesuit teaching, which has caused enemies of the Jesuits to brand them as semi-Pelagian, that the present author should be slightly chary of admitting when he has reached the end of "proofs" and "confirmations" of religious dogmas. After disposing of some of the objections to eternal punishment, he admits, "After all, hell is more or less a mystery which cannot be wholly explained by reason."

Mr. Patton's Fundamental Christianity represents in an expanded form a series of lectures delivered in the Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Virginia. Taking into account the writer's dogmatic position, in particular his belief in the doctrine of justification by faith and, as one gathers from the lecture on Saint Paul, that of the total depravity of human nature consequent on the fall, one must congratulate him on the logical consistency of his work and the lofty moral and religious tone pervading it. In his treatment of the Personality of Christ, for example, there is an atmosphere of intense but well-controlled enthusiasm that can hardly fail to communicate itself to any reader who shares the author's clear and solidly-accepted belief in the Incarnation. Something more of this spirit of religious earnestness would solve many of our ethical and social problems at the present day and would at least prolong the life of institutions and modes of thought endangered by the rising tide of neo-paganism. One recalls Seeley's profound remark that, "No virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic."

There is some excellent criticism of the Hegelian philosophy in its repercussion on Christian belief in the section of the book devoted to The Theistic View of the World. The treatment of the person and character of Christ is among the best writing in an excellent book, and all honor is due to the author for the courageous logic of his attitude on the question of belief in Christ's Divinity. Rejecting the vapid sentimentalism of a merely human Christ, Mr. Patton shows that we must face the choice between acceptance of the sublime doctrine of the Incarnation and the uncompromising rejection of an impostor.

The section on The Pauline Theology can only be completely acceptable to those who hold the doctrines of justification by faith and of total depravity, but all can admire Mr. Patton's magnificent picture of the life and character of the Apostle of the Gentiles. Any reader of Mr. Patton's book who is of the number of those who hold the Catholic tradition must feel impelled to extend the hand of friendship to one who is so clear an exponent and so courageous a defender of the great truth enshrined in Et Verbum caro factum est.

GEORGE D. MEADOWS.

Mystical Phenomena Compared with Their Human and Diabolical Counterfeits, by Monseigneur Albert Farges; translated from the second French edition by S. P. Jacques. New York: Benziger Brothers. $6.80.

THIS elaborate work by Monseigneur Farges is designed primarily for spiritual directors in the Catholic Church, secondarily for Catholic laymen, and only incidentally, if at all, for readers outside of the Church. Nevertheless, the scope of the work is so broad and its theme of such universal importance that the volume possesses an interest transcending that which the distinguished author had particularly in view. Monseigneur Farges is nothing if not thorough. His thick volume of 600 pages is crammed with definitions, arguments, subtle distinctions, illustration and references to an extent which it is impossible to do more than indicate. Throughout this mass of details, however, run a few leading ideas which the details are mainly invoked to enforce. It is to these leading ideas that attention will here be given.

Monseigneur Farges insists at the outset that mystical theology is not only a science, but an experimental science based on authenticated reports of mystical experience. For the psychological description of this experience the author draws largely, though by no means exclusively, on the writings of Saint Teresa and Saint John of the Cross; for its interpretation he goes mainly to Saint Thomas, supplemented by such assistance as can be derived from modern science. Working, as he claims, in strict harmony with Carmelite tradition, Monseigneur Farges expounds a perfectly definite theory as to the nature of genuine mysticism in contrast to the spurious types of pseudo-mysticism so often confounded with it.

Mystical theology is a branch of moral theology—the study

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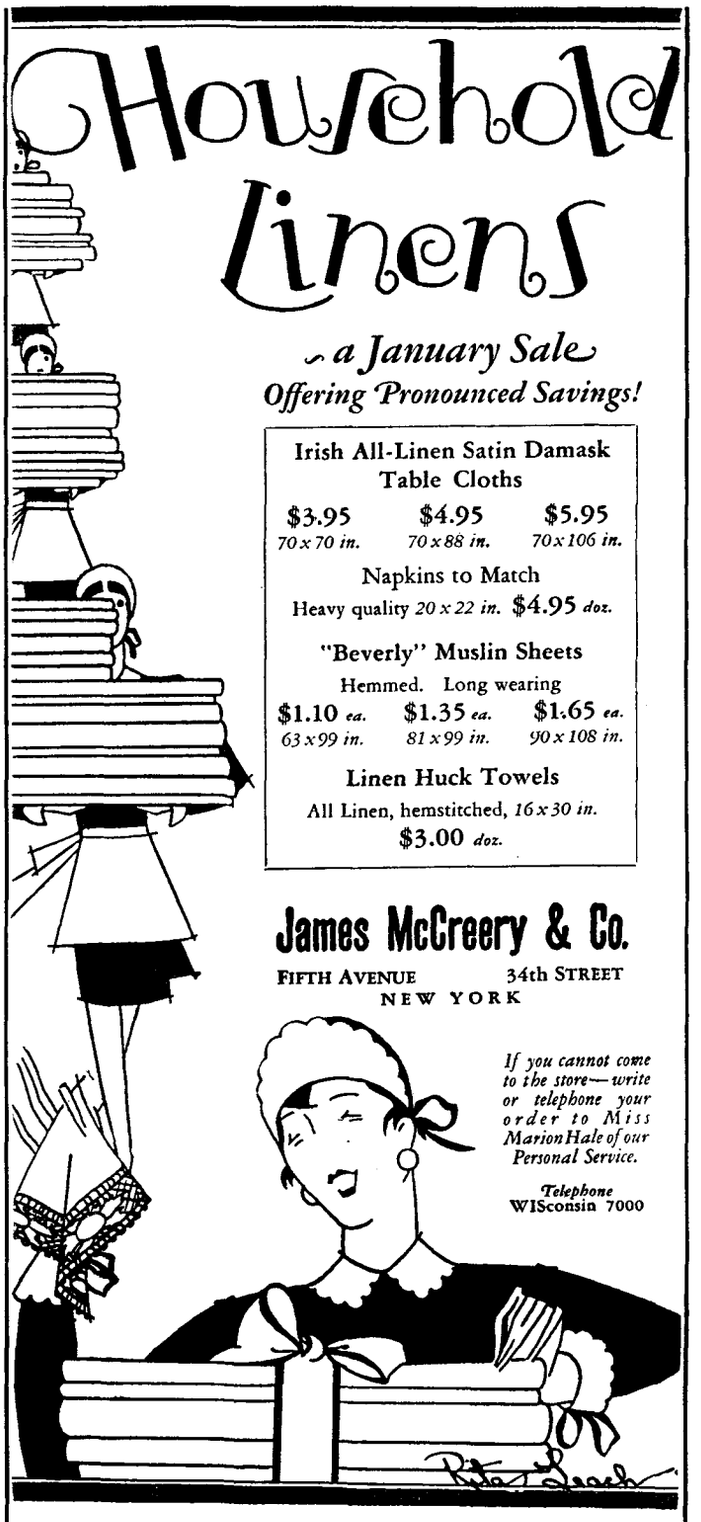
of what man must do in order to gain salvation—as distinguished from dogmatic theology—the study of what he must believe; it is differentiated from ascetic theology, the other branch of moral theology, in that while the latter studies the ordinary and active way of salvation mystical theology studies the extraordinary and passive way. It is this extraordinary and passive character of mysticism which furnishes the keynote to Monseigneur Farges's volume. He reiterates again and again that no one can become a mystic deliberately, that mystic experience is a result of grace not merit, and that it is an utter mistake to expect or desire that it should be accessible to all.

After an historical survey, beginning with the mystical events recorded in the New Testament and discussing the most important of the Catholic mystics, Monseigneur Farges proceeds to define the essential phenomenon of mysticism. This he finds to consist in direct communion with God, an intuition of God in Himself as contrasted with the indirect knowledge of Him through His effects. The direct knowledge of God is the fundamental element; the emotional experience of love, while always present, results from and is dependent upon the knowledge; the knowledge is primary, the emotion secondary. More technically, Monseigneur Farges defines mysticism as the intimate union of the soul with God through the infused prayer of contemplation. To contemplate God in Himself is manifestly impossible for human beings out of their own resources; the prayer of contemplation must be infused from on high. Monseigneur Farges, following Saint Teresa, distinguishes various degrees of contemplative union—the prayer of quiet, the prayer of union, the prayer of ecstatic union, and the prayer of perfect union or spiritual marriage, all of which he characterizes in detail.

Thence the author goes on to a discussion of the effects of mystical experience, the immediate effects being a suspension of the ordinary powers of the intellect and will, and an intense feeling of wonder and love while the permanent effects are a serene peace of the soul, humility and obedience, great tenderness of conscience, the gift of strength, hunger and thirst after justice, and impatience for the life of the blessed. Prior to the mystical experience, however, the tale is very different. The mystic's preparation usually takes the form of what Saint John of the Cross appropriately called "dark nights," times of anguish and spiritual dryness, accompanied by horrible temptations to gluttony, concupiscence, or blasphemy, with a terrible feeling of being abandoned by God. Thus the mystic way begins in despair and ends in serenity.

Besides the essential characteristic of mysticism, there are, of course, a host of accidental phenomena, of which Monseigneur Farges gives a partial list. "Such, for example, are the visions, hearing of supernatural words, personal revelations and prophecies, the curious phenomena of second sight and telepathy, infused aptitude for science or art, the marvelous accompaniments to ecstasy, such as stigmata, radiance of the body, levitation, bilocation, freedom from physical needs such as food and drink, power over animals and the elements of nature, healings and other miracles of the mystical thaumaturges."

It is in connection with these that confusion chiefly arises with the diabolical and human counterfeits of mysticism. With regard to diabolism the author writes: "The signs of diabolical intervention are well known. The devil's deeds always carry with them some ridiculous, unseemly or coarse details; or even something opposed to faith or morals. If his vices were too obvious, his influence would soon be unmasked; they are therefore almost always disguised under more or less inoffensive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appearances, even under deceitful traits of virtue and sanctity. He transforms himself at will into an angel of light. God occasionally even allows him to assume the most majestic forms, such as those of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, or the saints. Nevertheless—for God could not otherwise permit it—the disguise, no matter how bold, is never complete, and he always betrays himself in some particular which cannot escape an attentive and prudent observer."

The human counterfeits, the hallucinations, illusions, and dreams due to nervous disorders, hysteria, delirium, or madness may be accurately distinguished from instances of genuine mysticism, Monseigneur Farges contends, by their dependence upon physical organs and by the ill effects which ensue. It would probably be too much to expect that the sceptic should be convinced by his arguments; in such matters scepticism and belief depend upon deeper causes than arguments; but the author certainly supplies his cause with an arsenal of powerful weapons. Here, as throughout, it would seem that Monseigneur Farges accomplishes exactly what he sets out to do. Of how many books can the same be said?

GLADYS GRAHAM.

The Two Sisters, by H. E. Bates. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

The Bad Samaritan, by Justin Sturm. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

THE Two Sisters, by H. E. Bates, comes to us heralded by that discriminating critic, Edward Garnett, who in the past has introduced Galsworthy, W. H. Hudson, and Conrad. Mr. Sturm's The Bad Samaritan is without a flourish, yet within a week after its appearance, it was recognized that a new and delightful humorist had arrived.

Now Mr. Bates and Mr. Sturm are as different in matter and style as it is possible to be. It is in the nature of things that youth often aspires to the tragic. So we find Mr. Bates a product of rustic England, sensitive to its solemn pastoral elements, with overtones of gloomy and fatal incidents; while Mr. Sturm, coming out of our Middle-West and entering our large city life, is moved to the pranks of a romantic playboy. So we have them viewing life poetically and humorously. Yet both are refreshing and have rounded their expression with expert craft.

Edward Garnett, in the course of his introductory remarks, observes that Mr. Bates has returned to the novel of essentials. The unimportant and detailed documentation, general in the novel today, is avoided. And there is much to be said for "the sparse line, for grace of outline, for the rare gift that extracts the essential word from the shallow rapids of conversations. One longs to get back to essentials, especially to the essential of beauty, . . . an element that pervades The Two Sisters."

The Two Sisters is a novel where mood predominates. It has an atmosphere in which appearance and reality merge—become lost in a vague dream. It has a mystical quality that transmutes the material. It is intense and sensitive. The sensibilities with which the sisters, Tessie and Jenny, respond to the ardors and conflicts of life with their fastidious, curious, and absorbingly passionate natures, make the involved love affair of the two sisters for Michael an unusually poignant episode. Unfortunately, this mood treatment, to some extent, has mastered Mr. Bates's narrative sense, in such a manner as to blur his effects when they should have crystallized. A sharper delineation in his character-drawing, and a more conclusive handling of events that are now left at loose ends, would have given his novel a clearer-cut outline, and consequently a heightened power. Hence, he would have achieved a natural contrast, which he has attempted indirectly, by his introduction of the mad and grotesque father and unruly brothers.

Seldom is there to be found such beautiful and simply moving prose in fiction today as that of the early pages of this novel that account for one afternoon in the childhood of Jenny Lee. This idyllic passage of nearly fifty pages has been projected with unique insight, sympathy, delicacy, and knowledge of the pure ecstasy of childhood. It is of the stuff of poetry. But this free fancy isn't always sustained throughout; for it is mingled in the course of the novel with gloomy, strained, and confused pages. Yet the close of The Two Sisters is contrived upon a notably rendered scene, where the grief of the sisters reunites them in bonds of affection. In brief, the aspiration and much of its artistry is such that The Two Sisters remains a solitary rival to challenge the deep feeling and perfection of craft in that singular, outstanding book of the season—The Time of Man.

It would almost seem that the hilarious Mr. Sturm, with his perpetual puns, was out of place in such a review. Still, his achievement, though of a vastly different style and subject-treatment, is yet of high merit. A reading of our professional funny men will quickly convince one that the addition of a new and talented member isn't to be slighted. Mr. Sturm has a distinct talent for humorous exaggeration in the form of topsy-turvy fantasy that is tied up with a keen burlesque which subjects modernity to satire. He has mixed his absurdly exaggerated romance with a delightful nonsense, and skilfully manages to keep them both moving at a lively pace in a happy amalgam. His craft in handling narrative shows first-rate story-telling competence. Withal, his is also a youthful story of the trials of affections; and so charmingly has he put together his light masquerade, that it still entertains on second reading.

EDWIN CLARK.

Antiphonal, Sonnets, and Other Lyrics, by J. Crossan Cooper. Princeton: The Princeton University Press.

THE reticences of Mr. Cooper's delicate little book of verse are many. In the first place, there is an almost complete denial of the contemporary world, in so far as both the noises and the poetic conventions of that world are ignored. Again, one reads with a fancy that only personal intimacy with the author could reveal adequately the sources from which the constantly evident inspiration has been drawn. Thus a faint aroma of academic seclusion seems to pervade the book—an aroma intensified by the use of slightly archaic adjectives and of certain ellipses so much frowned upon by up-to-date technicians. Nevertheless, an astonishing masculine virility gives body to these poems. Some might even appropriately be entitled, "adventures of a fearless soul." I do not recall any recent poetry which seems so definitely neo-Platonic (in the fine Augustinian sense) in character—to combine so well a kind of stoical resignation with a courageous faith in the soul.

This quality is manifest in a number of sonnets, but is most noticeably dominant in Antiphonal, the finest poem in the book and a really remarkable ode. If Mr. Cooper were more lyrical, less reflective, by nature, I for one should be willing to affirm that here is one of the few truly great American poems. It has caught the doctrine as well as the ecstasy of love, and has gone from that to a view of life.

For their part the sonnets, many of which deal with recondite themes in a singularly human fashion, are often distinguished

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for suggestive phrasing. Mr. Cooper's experiments with diction are also very interesting. He has revived some practices of the older poets, and attempted some notable variations of his own. Perhaps the following lines from Futility may serve to illustrate an unusual book:

"Bleak lies the moonlight on the sea tonight,
And bleak its pathway stretches toward the rim,
Where earth meets time upon a threshold dim,
And time's eternal hour makes mock at flight.
Alone, I watch the play of restless light,
Where the hoar wave unbreasts its futile hymn
And pours libation from a crumbling brim
On a rock-altar drenched with useless rite."

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Philosophy of Saint Thomas Aquinas, by Étienne Gilson; translated by Edward Bullough. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $2.25.

THE welcome presence of M. Étienne Gilson on the Harvard faculty during a portion of the past year makes a fitting occasion to review his admirable volume on the philosophy of Saint Thomas Aquinas. Anything like a definitive treatment of the many-sided achievements and complex personality of Saint Thomas, the teacher, the mystic, the poet, the theologian, and the philosopher—this, of course, is still to seek. M. Gilson virtually confines his attention to the philosopher and his philosophy but in them alone there is material for countless volumes. The system of Saint Thomas with all its ramifications is, on a larger scale, like some great mediaeval castle defended by wall within wall, moat and turret, outer barbican and inner keep, honeycombed with secret passages leading into open courts, so well-compacted that its acres of extent can be taken in almost at a single glance, yet with every stone laid so carefully in place as to reward the closest scrutiny. One knows not which to admire the more, its absolute unity and simplicity of structure or its enormous range and complexity of detail. In M. Gilson's words, "Only after we have mastered both the simplicity of its principles and the multiplicity of their consequences, and have seen these consequences issue from the fertility of the principles, do we become conscious of the very life that animates the whole teaching, and only then the teaching will really have come to life again in us."

M. Gilson indicates the historical position of Saint Thomas, at a time when the newly discovered works of Aristotle with their Arabian and Jewish commentaries had introduced temporary confusion into European Christian thought, and emphasizes his historical rôle as a harmonizer of the Augustinian and Aristotelian traditions. Without minimizing Saint Thomas's greatness as a theologian or denying the influence of his theology on his philosophy, M. Gilson nevertheless maintains that his philosophy was essentially autonomous. The centre of Saint Thomas's thought he finds in his conception of being. Everything that is at all must manifestly have its share of being, but we ourselves and the whole temporal world possess being in a state of becoming, transitional, incomplete; we are only too plainly derivative, the explanation of our existence does not lie in ourselves; for that we must look to some form of being beyond change and corruption, which shall possess being not temporarily or on sufferance, but eternally and in its own right. To proceed thus in thought from the relative to the absolute would, however, be impossible were all the reality which we know on one dead level. But in our experience we

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find hierarchies—mineral, vegetable, animal, or in ourselves—life, sense, reason—hierarchies which we can conceptually complete with beings above ourselves, the angels, and so approach analogically to the Supreme Being or God. God as the source of reality, the first cause and the final end of the world and of men; the complex hierarchy of being—on these two fundamental ideas Saint Thomas built up his system of philosophy.

M. Gilson follows with detailed commentary the five proofs of the existence of God offered by Saint Thomas, his demonstration of the attributes of God, his conceptions of creation and of the angels, his theory of knowledge, and his ethics. Never was the much-praised Gallic lucidity more in evidence than in these chapters. Even through the medium of translation, M. Gilson's style is crystal-clear; one is never halted by awkward phrase or clause but comes to grips directly with the thought itself. The present volume suggests the comment which was repeatedly heard at the Philosophical Congress in September: "M. Gilson is an artist as well as a philosopher."

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

The Travels of Marco Polo, with an introduction by John Masefield. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

THOUGH its illustrations, except when they are from old paintings, engravings and maps, are rather disappointing, this book is excellently printed and voluminously annotated, and is undoubtedly the best of the readily accessible editions of the famous travels.

Mr. Masefield well says: "It is only the wonderful traveler who sees a wonder, and only five travelers in the world's history have seen wonders. The others have seen birds and beasts, rivers and wastes, the earth and the (local) fulness thereof. The five travelers are Herodotus, Gasper, Melchior, Balthazer, and Marco Polo himself. The wonder of Marco Polo is this—that he created Asia for the European mind."

Yet for a long time his book was far less popular than that of Mandeville who, when he did not steal left and right, made up as he went along the marvels that were expected of him. He was, of course, a much greater literary artist than Polo, and so was believed where the much greater man was discredited.

Gradually, however, in spite of the fact that the places he visited cannot always be clearly identified—though the labors of Colonel Yule have elucidated many obscure points; and though Polo frequently transmutes the marvelous into the incredible, the honesty and general accuracy of the account of his travels became evident. We still have to turn to him for information about many parts of the interior of China.

I myself can bear witness to the absolute accuracy—as far as it goes—of what he has to say about those parts of southern India he visited. Life there is still substantially unchanged. One may still see, as Marco Polo saw, the brahminical caste-marks upon the forehead and the brahminical cord over the shoulder. The mud floors of the houses are still kept clean and sweet with cow-dung mixed with water. The beetlenut chewing goes on. The slim native men still climb (with a cord tied between their ankles to confirm their grip) the Palmyra palm-trees to draw out of the stems of the fan-shaped leaves the sap which, after it has fermented, becomes the toddy they drink. All these things Polo saw, as he saw the suttees and the prostitutes in the temples and the Juggernaut cars.

One detail he gives is of special interest to me. It is of the execution of eight men, who, because each had a magic amulet in his arm, between the skin and the flesh, were rendered immune from the effect of iron, and so had to be beaten to death with wooden clubs. How often my Tamil ayah used to delight and terrify me with a similar story. It was of a murderer whom they had tried to hang in the jail at Coimbatore. He also had his amulet, and the drop repeatedly refused to work. But at last the jailers discovered a weal on his right arm. So they cut out the amulet and hanged their man.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Sappho: The Poems and Fragments, translated and edited by C. R. Haines. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

THAT Sappho should find a place in the Broadway Translations was to be expected. Other good editions, in the Loeb Classics and elsewhere, cannot destroy the charm and richness of the present volume. Mr. Haines's collection of illustrations is most interesting, and the carefulness with which every scrap of the old Greek is handled seems always commendable.

As a repository of accumulated information, the book really has no rival and it is difficult to imagine that the printer could do more for Sappho without neglecting the limitations of the average purse. Unfortunately it needs to be added that Mr. Haines is distressingly pedantic in the more provincial English fashion. One does not object strenuously to the utter disregard of American scholarship. After all, this has probably added little that is absolutely new. It is rather the reconstruction of the Sapphic tradition which proves disappointing and vexatious. Mr. Haines accounting for the loss of the poems, Mr. Haines vindicating the character of Sappho, is a gentleman who spoils evidence with pompous sentimentality. How does he know, one wonders, that the monks actually burned the manuscripts or that these were really not viciously indecent? His fanciful embroidery and stiff English constantly exasperate any reader accustomed to scholarship interested in being factual.

The repeated slurs upon mediaevalism are typical of a certain stiff frigidity which all but succeeded in removing contact with the classics from among the experiences of education. One need not, for instance, place any great store by the writings of Saint Gregory Nazianzen; but one does suspect that he would come off rather nicely as a stylist by comparison with some British editors.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

Ould Father Toomey, and Other Poems, by Denis A. McCarthy. Boston: The Carrollton Publishing Company. $2.00.

THE author of the well-known Round of Rimes, and Voices From Erin returns again to his poetical forte of the Irish ballad and lyrical fragments of heart and fancy. Mr. McCarthy's Brigid was a poem of unusual suggestion and dramatic force, and in Ould Father Toomey, the title poem of his new collection, we find much of this fine reach of humor and instruction. Boston is still the home of Irish singers: its traditions stretch from the days of John Boyle O'Reilly and James Jeffrey Roche; and Mr. McCarthy is worthy of his fine predecessors.

The title page and index for volume IV of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding volume IV in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Do you believe," asked Euphemia, dreamily addressing the preoccupied Dr. Angelicus, "in transmigration of soul?"

"Eh? Transit in New York is undoubtedly terrible," replied the Doctor absent-mindedly, not looking up from the book he was reading.

"Soul transmigration—not transit," corrected Euphemia, with an exasperated look at the Doctor.

"Not so remote from each other, after all," interrupted Britannicus. "Everything is possible on the subway and on some prolonged journeys I've known, even transmigration of soul."

"But do you believe in it?" insisted Euphemia.

"Certainly not," replied the Doctor, laying aside his book. "What is the latest piece of Hindu nonsense that you have got hold of?"

"Oh, just a book I picked up in a friend's house last evening," said Euphemia. "I didn't read all of it," she added hastily.

"I hope not," said the Doctor, looking at her suspiciously. "Your reading should be carefully supervised, young lady. I have long harbored a fear that it is far too catholic in its scope."

"But I thought that's what you wanted it to be," said Euphemia naïvely.

"Stop this pose of injured innocence at once," ordered the Doctor severely. "You know perfectly well that you don't misunderstand me. Now tell me what's on your mind. What's all this tosh about transmigration of soul?"

"It's the animal theory that fascinates me," confessed Euphemia.

"The animal theory?" queried Angelicus and Britannicus simultaneously.

"Yes," said Euphemia. "The idea that we have all progressed from certain animals to our present state, intrigues me. For I seem to see, in all of us, certain definite animal characteristics."

"Speak for yourself," said Britannicus.

"I will," replied Euphemia.

"Very well," said the Doctor. "What animal do you think you have descended from?"

"Progressed from, you mean," said Euphemia, with an injured air.

"Have it your own way," said Angelicus. "What animal do you think you have progressed from?"

"From a little lamb," replied Euphemia meekly. "All my gentle characteristics—"

"Gentle?" inquired Britannicus collapsing in a chair. "'O wad some power—'"

"But you," interrupted Euphemia, "have never understood me. So naturally you don't recognize my lamblike characteristics. But they are undoubtedly with me, nevertheless. Bah, bah!" she added conclusively.

"That settles it," said Dr. Angelicus. "Very well. Euphemia, you are a lamb."

"She certainly looks as though she had been recently shorn," admitted Britannicus, eyeing her bob. "But still, that doesn't prove anything."

"I suppose," asked Dr. Angelicus, "that you didn't allow this survey to stop with yourself?"

"Certainly not," said Euphemia.

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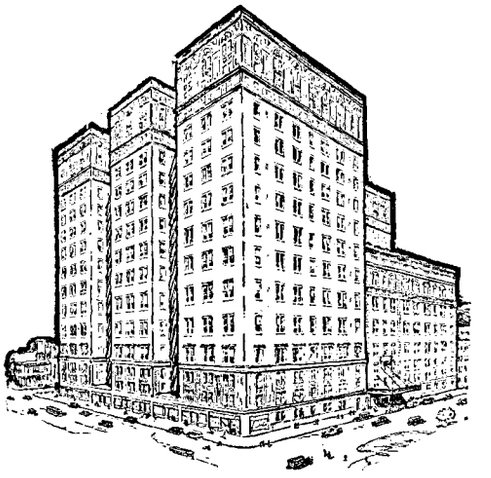

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"Then what animals do you think that Britannicus and I suggest?" asked the Doctor.

"But this discussion is so personal," replied Euphemia, blushing. "You embarrass me."

"Nevertheless, I insist on knowing," maintained Angelicus. "I suppose, for instance, that you see in me all the fine, faithful qualities of a noble dog."

"Well," said Euphemia speculatively, "not at all times. For there have been occasions when you suggested a lovely grizzly bear."

"Has it gone as far as that?" asked Britannicus. "I never suspected you, Angelicus. You always seemed, like myself, to hold a proper disdain of women."

"And so I do," exclaimed Angelicus. "Euphemia, you are blackmailing me."

"But I was only thinking of the times when you growl at me," protested Euphemia.

"I'm relieved," said Britannicus.

"You had better explain more fully," said Angelicus, "or I *will* growl. Woof, woof!" he concluded in a most threatening manner.

"Let us consider the animal characteristics of Britannicus," urged Euphemia hastily.

"You don't need to," said Britannicus. "For I know what animal I most suggest."

"Tell us," urged Angelicus.

"The noble, high-strung, intelligent horse," replied Britannicus.

"Not at all," said Euphemia.

"Well, what then?" asked Britannicus.

"The stag," announced Euphemia.

"Did she see you last evening?" inquired Angelicus. "'The stag at eve had drunk his fill,'" he murmured in a reminiscent tone.

"It's useless for any of us here to try to agree on our personal animal characteristics," said Britannicus in irritation. "Let's pick on someone who isn't present. It is always a great deal safer."

"That's a good idea," exclaimed Dr. Angelicus. "Let's take Primus Criticus."

"Easy," said Britannicus. "He is quite typical of a nice wolf—a very nice, keen wolf."

"And the Editor?" asked Dr. Angelicus.

"A police-dog," announced Euphemia.

"Why?" asked Britannicus.

"Well, for one thing, as an editor, he just has to be suspicious of strangers," replied Euphemia.

"But most of them discover that his bark is worse than his bite," said Britannicus.

"Well," remarked Euphemia, "let's go back to me. If you don't think I'm like a lamb, what class of animal would you put me in?"

"You're not in a class," explained Britannicus.

"Really?" asked Euphemia. "I didn't think that I was so unusual as all that."

"No, you're not in a class," went on Britannicus. "Rather, you're in a category."

"Why category?" asked Euphemia in tones of great disappointment.

"I know," remarked Britannicus suggestively, "a place in the city where one can get delicious catnip. Will you dine with me tonight?"

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